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## THE PLAY GUIDE

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WE are fortunate enough, since it makes life so much easier, not to be among those who sigh for the good old order of pre-war days. Having lived in them sufficiently we are jolly well pleased that they are past and will come no more. If we have any regret it is that we are not now about five years old to grow up with a still newer generation. That, however, involves another story. In the meantime we may recapitulate thankfully some of the benefits that accrue to us every year in this.

The service in theatrical entertainment, just for instance, grows "better 'n better" each season. Successes of the perpetually "all sold out" type last longer into the heated months, that is more of them do. For which the out-of-towners, who have had to postpone their trips to New York till summer time must be exceedingly grateful. If you have been perishing, for example, to see Jeanne Eagels in the famous *Rain*, it is quite possible to do so provided you do not insist on going to a Saturday matinee or evening.

THE Music Box Review continues. The Ziegfeld Follies will persist for several months. Though you may have missed the *Greenwich Village* ones, Murray Anderson's other "show," *Jack and Jill*, will probably still be running, and dashed good stuff it is too. Also it is reported that the new edition of the *Greenwich Village Follies* will open in August this year instead of the usual September.

Those of us who live in New York and have seen most of the winter productions are well pleased to have offered us as new divertive fare the musical comedies *Dew Drop Inn*, featuring the inimitable James Barton, and *Adrienne*—with more to come; also the delightful *Aren't We All*, in which Cyril Maude comes back to his own again; also the many scheduled openings in quick succession, making

shorter and shorter intervals between courses. Contrast this with the former closed season in the theatre, when summer was the time for casting and rehearsal and getting ready to go. Good old days, indeed!

AS to the hotels, they have been making arrangements to uphold the claim that summer is one of New York's most alluring seasons. At the *McAlpin* there is dancing on the roof every night from 6.30 to 1 o'clock, and on Wednesdays there are special supper dances at which souvenirs are given out. The *Pennsylvania* has the same hours for its own roof dancing, with the Vincent Lopez Hotel *Pennsylvania* Orchestra to play.

At the *Biltmore* the *Cascades*, located on the nineteenth floor, will be open . . . one of the most charming dining places in the city with its romantic view of New York at night. For luncheon the *Fountain Room*, adjoining the *Cascades*, is suggested. The *Ambassador* has not yet acquired a roof, but it offers something most invaluable for one of those well-known Manhattan dog days and that is the refrigerating apparatus which has been installed in the main dining-room, and in the *Italian Gardens*, and which reduces the temperature fifteen percent. The *Italian Gardens* are planned for afternoon tea and informal dancing.

ADD to this information a reminder of the *Ritz Roof* with its Vechy Orchestra, which as always, is one of the favorite dining spots during the summer, of notables, especially those of society. Without forgetting, of course, that veteran member of all the Roofs, the tried and trusty *Waldorf*, which has never lost favor with its patrons since the days when it first introduced New Yorkers to roof dining. Redecorated, it offers its usual distinguished atmosphere, with dance music by the *Waldorf-Astoria* Orchestra from seven to an hour past midnight.

ANNE ARCHBOLD.

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**IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:** The phenomenal success of the Moscow Art Theatre on its first visit to the United States, has raised the interesting question: Why should we not have in America as fine an organization, considering our many splendid individual players? Ludwig Lewisohn, the well-known essayist and critic, gives some excellent reasons why we could have, but haven't. Every man thinks he would prefer the other man's job. Managers have ideas of what they would do as actors; and vice versa. What a leading manager and actor think of each other's jobs makes most interesting reading. The season's biggest success has been the drama *Rain*. Its author, Somerset Maugham, is one of the outstanding figures in English literature today. An interview with this famous English author-playwright, in which he gives his frank opinion of American drama and dramatists, is an exclusive feature of our next issue. Many beautiful full-page photographic art studies. These are a few of the leading features in a splendid August number.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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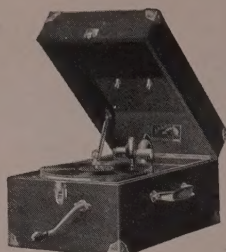
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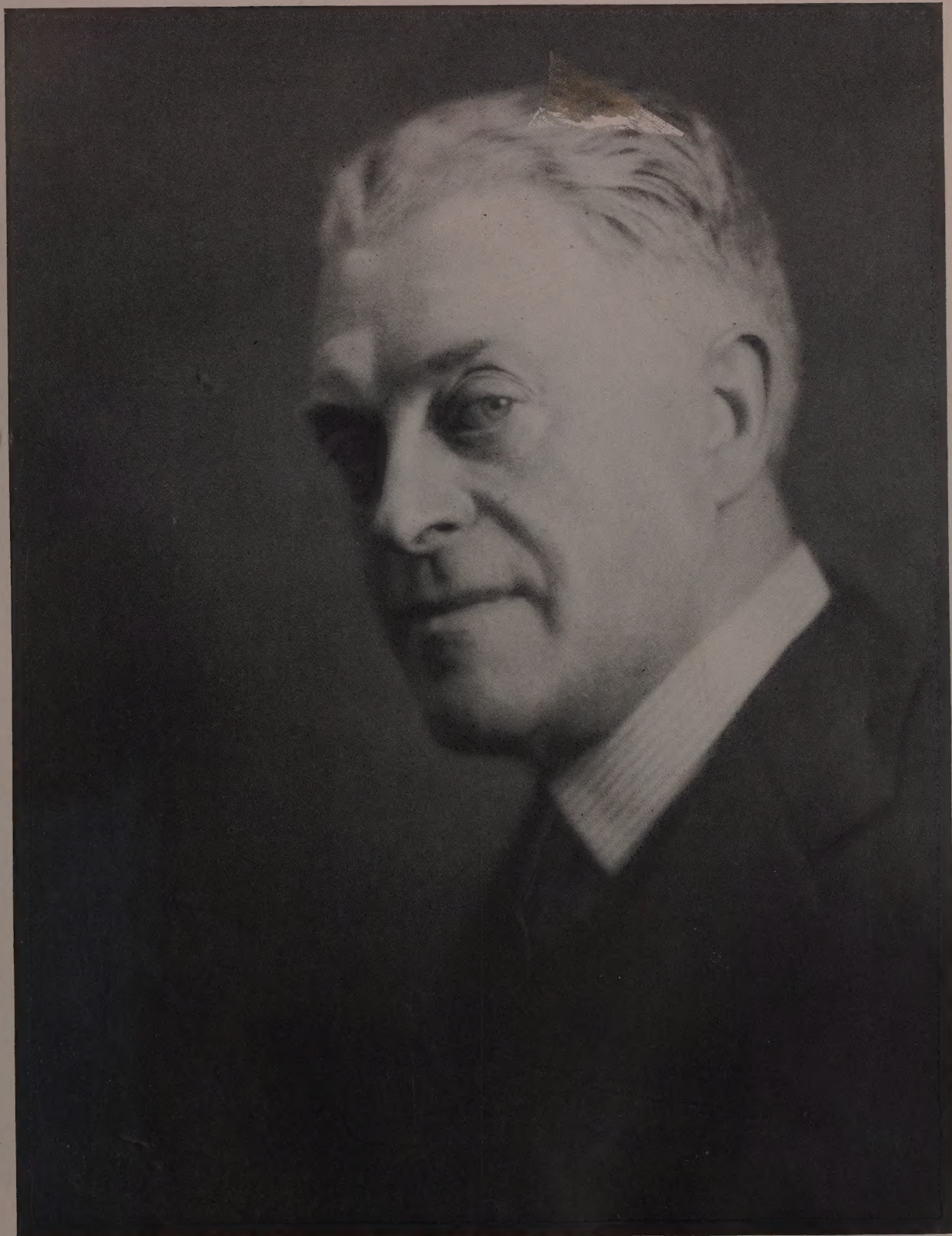


Photo Goldberg

CYRIL MAUDE  
*In "Aren't We All?"*





### THE ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDER

*A Character Study of the Well-Known Comedian, Fred Stone, by Alfred Cheney Johnston*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



## *Olla Podrida*

### *The Absurdities and Injustices of the "Star" System*

IF the season just closed has taught the theatre managers anything, it has demonstrated in no uncertain way the utter futility of the "star" system—a vicious practice which all intelligent workers in the theatre justly hold responsible for the ills that today afflict the American stage.

This year, perhaps more than any other in the history of the American theatre, has shown how inadequate, unjust and really ineffectual the star system is. Most of the season's successes have been plays with non-star casts, while most of the failures have been plays which not even the most luminous of our stars could save from the scrap heap. Once the significance of this fact sinks into the managerial mind, it is safe to conjecture that, in the not distant future, the star system as a system will take its long deserved place in the museum of obsolete theatrical customs.

Like all faulty systems, which thrive on false values, the star system bears within itself the germ of its own dissolution. It is the "star" himself who is the cause of the downfall of the system. A simple illustration of the fourfold injustice potentially incident to a star production, which has proved to be a popular success, will demonstrate the truth of this.

A play is produced with a star in the leading rôle. The play turns out to be a success. The manager who has invested money looks forward to making the profits which, as an investor, he is entitled to. The cast, very often a lengthy one, settles down for a long run. The public is eager to see the play.

But they all count without the star. Stars, like all other human beings (and perhaps a little more than other humans) are subject to illness, temperamental whims, changes of mind, etc., and, since it is a fact that the understudy of a star is seldom allowed to go on in place of the star, the destiny of the whole production becomes tied up in the star's fate or the star's will, or the star's temperament.

THIS season saw several occurrences of this kind. A play is running along smoothly, making money. Take, for example, the case of John Barrymore in *Hamlet*. The Hopkins' production was an assured success. The cast looked forward to a long run. Suddenly the star decided he wanted to go to Europe and the engagement had to be brought to an end at the height of its drawing power. It was the same with the Theatre Guild. They had a substantial success in *Peer Gynt*. There was no reason, from the point of view of the receipts—about \$10,000 a week—why the run should have been interrupted. But Joseph Schildkraut, the star, wanted to do a moving picture, and so the play closed.

Now what happens? Through the action of a single individual, four injustices have been brought about:

First, the injustice to the star himself. In nine cases out of ten, when an actor or an actress has been "elevated" to the position of stardom, he stops developing as an artist. The old principles of security of position, line of least resistance, lack of competition, are responsible for this.

Artists, like everyone else, need the impetus of competition. An actor or an actress will always make a greater effort and do better work when he or she knows that there is an equally competent understudy "up" in the part, ready to jump in at a moment's notice. Thus the star system is unfair to the star himself in that, by diminishing the necessity, it kills the incentive and the chance for artistic development and growth.

Second, the injustice to the public. Theatregoers naturally expect a "success" to run for a long time, and therefore thousands of people often delay the attendance at such a play, confident of its long run. When, through the willfulness or the illness of the star, the play is suddenly closed, those thousands who had planned future attendance at the play have been unjustly treated, just as thousands of students would be unjustly treated if suddenly the universities capriciously decided to close their medical departments, never to be reopened.

THIRD, the injustice to the manager who has invested his money in the production. The star system is unfair to the theatrical investor in that, being dependent on a single individual, he is always in danger of a sudden cutting off of profits on his investment.

Fourth, the injustice to the rest of the cast in the play. Often, due to the will of a single individual, a cast of dozens of people is suddenly thrown out of work, with but a single or two weeks notice when they had rightfully and legitimately made plans for a long run. In what other industry would a group of workers tolerate sudden enforced idleness through the arbitrariness, or the obstinacy, or the perversity of a single fellow worker?

It may be argued that a "run of the play" contract or a long term contract would obviate sudden decisions on the part of stars to close a successful production, but stars have been known, under such provocations, to feign heart disease, nerves, any old ailment, with signed documents from obliging doctors as proof, just so that their desire may be realized and the play closed without delay.

Many are the complaints and criss-cross denunciations one hears within theatrical circles. The managers keep denouncing the players, the players keep denouncing the managers. Whatever the justification for these complaints, it seems obvious that the star system is the common enemy of all concerned. It is destructive to the progress of the drama not only as an industry, but also to the drama as an art. Any art that will pay exorbitant remuneration to a handful of workers while thousands must of necessity, as a result, grope their way upward, starving and constantly worried—any art that will do this, we say, leaves little room for the development of the many fine talents which start eagerly and full of ambition on their way. The injustice of the "star" system, the little room that it reserves at the top, has doomed many a fine talent to mediocrity, through the sheer fierceness of the struggle for existence in the theatrical profession.





D A W N

*Camera Study by Edwin Bower Hesser*



# Plays Modern and Near-Modern

Our Younger Group of Dramatists, and What They Are Trying to Express

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

OUT of the welter and the strain of the world-war, there has emerged on Broadway a new group of playwrights. Young men, with strange and morbid views of life. Men, not so young,



ELMER L. RICE  
Author of *The Adding Machine*

who dream of Freud and Nietzsche. Girls and grown women brooding on birth-control. Weird psychoanalysts and would-be cynics. They are not so modern as they think they are. Nor are they pioneers, as some of them suppose. At intervals, through all the centuries, there have been waves of pessimism, times when it was the fashion to proclaim one's unfaith, outbursts of dark and pitiful revolt against honored standards. Our modernists believe they have invented pessimism. They fancy they are giving us new thoughts. The age to them seems sadly out of joint. They are full of their "reactions" and their "complexes"—new names for things as old as this old world. They have seen the void and vanity of life and it dismays them. They are eager to "express themselves" in drama.

## AN AUTHOR OF PROMISE

WELL—why not let them? It may do them good. A few of them appear to have ideas. We may have something quite worth while to learn from some of their queer plays. I call them plays, despite their scorn of form which, after all, one looks for in real drama.

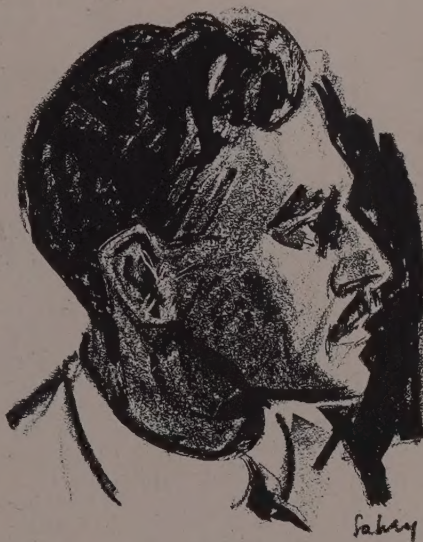
The gropings of these playwrights after light are strenuous. To me they are also touching and pathetic. *Roger Bloomer*, for example, had much merit. It lacked consistency and logic. It was shapeless. But it did give one fleeting glimpses of the anguish and unrest of a young soul. I can sympathize, at least to some extent, with the author of that play—or, rather, near-play.

I should like to pat him gently on the back and do my utmost to convert him to my own optimism. The chilling comments of some critics should not faze him. If he chooses, and will collar his technique, he may go far. He has talent. He seems honest. His very crudenesses and revulsions from the hypocrisy and nastiness of life—some sorts of life—all plead for him. His experience so far may have been painful. But he will learn as time runs on that men and women are not all black beasts and tramps and vamps and rogues.



PHILIP BARRY  
Author of *You and I*

His Roger is a very real young man; not over-strong and surely far from wise; but fairly decent and worth studying and helping. There are countless lads like him in these United States—repressed and frustrate and in dire hard luck. The audacity of that scene between Roger and his landlady does not offend one, like the obscenities of *The God of Vengeance*. The presentation of such things is of itself a protest. The form, or want of form, in the case of *Roger Bloomer* is less suited to the stage of living actors than to the shadowy screen. But it is much to have



EUGENE O'NEILL  
Author of *The Hairy Ape*

attempted something new. The author of the play must know by now that there are still conventions which compel respect. When he next ventures to "express himself" through drama, John Howard Lawson may surprise his friends and critics.

Of the more "modern" plays by young Americans, the most daring and ingenious seems *The Adding Machine*, of Elmer Rice. Consciously or unconsciously, it has some of the qualities one finds in Wedekind, that apostle of decadence and dismay, to whom we owe the extravagances of *Pandora's Box*, and the depravities of *Spring's Awakening*. Mr. Lawson also bows to the same hateful influence while, though neither writer may have grasped the fact, both are descendants of the French Théâtre-Libre. But Mr. Rice has a much clearer, keener vision than the inventor of the Equity play, and a constructive mind. The line of logic in his plot is followed faithfully. And though now and then the author may exaggerate in building up his characters, they have consistency and really seem alive, even after death. Like *Roger Bloomer*, *The Adding Machine* is a fierce protest against the meanness and the ruthlessness of our social system; and, more

especially against the growing tendency of that unlovely scheme to change men and women into slaves and tools. Mr. Zero, aptly named, has spent long years adding up figures in the office of an inhuman boss.

He has been jeered at by his wife, an unfeeling shrew, but has found comfort of a kind while watching a street-walker who vamps him from her window. In a fit of fury, when he is "fired" one day, to make room for an adding machine, more efficient and much cheaper than himself, he kills that boss. No one would blame him. But the law steps in, and, after a trial, in which he explains to an imaginary jury what made him kill his tyrant, he is sent to the chair.

He wakes up though, soon after, in a cemetery, where, with a sentimental matricide from an adjoining grave, he chats of life and death, and moves on—not to the hell he had expected, but to the blessed peace of the Elysian Fields. There he is joined by a poor girl, a fellow clerk, who, when he died, had committed suicide. There, if he had wished, he might have stayed. But he grows weary of his new environment, and, of his own will, again turns himself into a man-machine; till the Guardian of the place in which he toils at last kicks him back to Earth. For souls, that guardian says, cannot be wasted—even those as insignificant as Zero's.



ARTHUR RICHMAN  
Author of *Ambush*

## THE PRIZE HARVARD PLAY

THERE are broad, but effective ironies in *The Adding Machine*; a scene, for instance, in which Main Street is summed up and aggravated, in a group of characters gabbling the same words and proclaiming the same drab futilities. But, though I am told—by experts in such matters—that it is true as truth, I see no possible excuse for one hideous episode, in which the street-walker referred to in the first act lures a customer to the grave of Mr. Zero. It leaves a bad, a very bad, taste in one's mouth. Yet, when I saw it at the Garrick, it was swallowed without loathing by a well-dressed audience. The attitude of the audiences who frequent some of our theatres now-a-days is more distressing than the nastiest scenes they sit through.

It refreshes one to turn from the more lurid scenes of our young pessimists to the simplicities of *You and I*, the prize Harvard play. *You and I* is what might have been looked



JOHN H. LAWSON  
(Cont'd on page 60) Author of *Roger Bloomer*



# Going to the Theatre With Belasco

*Intimate Record of How a Great Producer Observes His Profession From an Orchestra Chair*

By WIRT W. BARNITZ

SOMEHOW or other it seems extremely unusual to think of David Belasco *before* the scenes instead of *behind* the scenes of the theatre. One is accustomed to picture our Dean of the American Drama as always producing plays and never having the spare time for seeing plays; but the truth is he attends the theatre quite frequently, in fact, with great regularity. During the course of a season he manages to see every worthwhile production on or, for that matter, off Broadway.

From time to time, when I have been at the theatre with him, I have watched the features of his face register approval or disapproval, but only when something appeals to him with great force does the thought become vocal. "Fine! Fine!" will escape his lips when a very clever piece of work is done; but the moment his artistic sense is offended he fairly boils over with critical comment which is, however, usually of a constructive, instead of a destructive, sort.

The opportunity for publicity which Belasco well enough knows to be potentially present every time he goes to the theatre, he carefully avoids. Like a shy child he steals into a playhouse, never availing himself of the scores of boxes proffered him annually. Usually he seeks an obscure seat, only occasionally sitting well down in the orchestra, and then only when he has friends with him.

## THE STAR'S ANTE-CHAMBER

ONE evening he invited me to go with him to see *Six Cylinder Love*. Ernest Truex was playing in it, and inasmuch as he is one of Belasco's products, the play became invested with a triple interest. It was arranged that I should go at 8 o'clock to the Belasco Theatre where the producer and his *fidus Achates*, Thomas Curry, bodyguard and familiar, would meet me. When I arrived at the stage door of the theatre I was ushered into the green-room by the Cerberus who eternally guards the postern gate. Each time I wait in this small ante-chamber to the star's dressing room, I am fascinated by the many striking things among the histrionic trophies and relics that catch the eye. The little room is literally packed with these treasures of the stage. Conspicuous above the door of Miss Ulric's dressing-room, which opens off this reception chamber, there is a star of brilliants which was worn, first, by William Charles Macready as *Hamlet*, and, afterward, by Booth in the same part. There also are displayed Booth's *Brutus* sandals and sword, his *Macbeth* spear, his *Bertuccio* bauble, the mace carried by him when acting *King Richard the Third*, the sceptre he used as *King Lear*, the hat he wore as *Petruchio*, his *Shylock* knife and scales and his make-up box.

I was amusing myself browsing about in this unique little museum, when Mr.

Belasco entered. For a few minutes we chatted about the "make-up" box of Booth and how, after years and much trouble, it had been secured for the collection. Then Mr. Belasco arose and, crossing to the door of the star's dressing-room, knocked upon it. A moment's pause and it was opened just a trifle—partly disclosing the dark hair and smiling face of Lenore Ulric, who put her ear to the crack, and listened to the "gov'nor's" kindly words and advice:

"Now, take care this evening, Lenore," he said. "Remember that you have a bad cold and that it is only the part of wisdom to play the strenuous spots with less emotional pressure than usual. I do hope that your voice won't trouble you too much."

She laughingly urged him not to worry on her account and we started.

Inasmuch as the theatre we were going to was only across Times Square, we did not bother with a taxi. Just as we left Forty-fourth Street, Mr. Belasco turned in consternation to his secretary.

"Say, Curry," he exclaimed, "we have no peppermints. Run in here and get a box—"

While we waited for the secretary to return, Mr. Belasco's quick eye roved around, taking in everything about him. Someone of peculiar appearance here, or something with a tinge of human-interest appeal there, would attract his attention, and his observations revealed his passionate interest in life and its passing show. A little girl with golden locks, who with her mother had paused to look into the window of the confectioner's shop, moved him to remark about the beauty of her hair. Leaning over, he patted her upon the head and chatted with her about the tempting sweetmeats in the window.

At the theatre door many who knew him hailed him cordially. Others, perfect strangers, who had no personal acquaintance, instantly recognized him, nudged each other and smiled pleasantly as if seeing in this white-haired, picturesque-looking veteran in the clerical make-up so characteristic of his appearance, a universally known figure that needs no formal introduction.

## ENGROSSED IN THE PLAY

UPON the rise of the curtain, Mr. Belasco settled himself comfortably in his seat and at once became engrossed in the performance. From time to time, he would lean well toward one side of his chair as though particularly interested in some bit of stage business. Then, as some outstanding incident of the scene would strike him, he would react normally and applaud with the rest of the audience. Whenever a particularly brilliant piece of work was done, he would lean forward and, holding his hands higher up than usual, applaud with considerable enthusiasm.

Years ago Belasco found Truex as a mere boy in one of the by-ways of New York and, recognizing in him the actor's talent, cast him for the leading part in *A Good Little Devil*. All through the performance the producer explained how Truex had developed this and that point of technique, and how, after considerable difficulty, he had overcome a rather troublesome vocal impediment. The actors and actresses were well aware of the "gov'nor's" presence, and in many instances played down stage and as much as possible in the direction of his seat. Frequently, during the evening, Ernest Truex smiled at his discoverer and friend and at the final curtain he bowed directly to him—the homage of an artist to one he recognized as his master.

## THE BELASCO MASCOT

MY last excursion to the theatre with the wizard was perhaps the most enjoyable. It was to the Empire Theatre to see Alice Brady in *Zander the Great*. As on other occasions, I waited for the "gov'nor" amid that assemblage of things histrionic and reminiscent of another day and generation in the American theatre. The black cat, Camille, pet and mascot of the house lay napping in the luxurious depths of a huge cushion, presented to her upon the birth of her twenty-seventh litter of ebony kittens. It is said that this royal pellet cost all of two hundred and fifty dollars; but what is two hundred and fifty dollars as compared with hundreds of thousands of dollars of luck that this dusky feline has brought to Belasco productions? Every one of her offspring, let me add, carries with it this lucky streak, and upon each visit of the stork, Ben Roeder—business manager and genial Pooh Bah of the Belasco forces—is besieged by a multitude of superstitious thespians anxious to share in pussy's potentialities for good fortune.

But theatre hour was at hand, so we hurried into a taxi and down to the Empire. Just before slamming shut the door of the taxi, Mr. Belasco shouted a word of advice to Roeder, and to his stage manager, Burk Symon, who stood at the gate of the alleyway that leads to the stage door. The traffic cop in front of the house nodded a friendly greeting to the producer as Belasco waved his hand at him.

Although the "gov'nor" had put in a long and hard day on the manuscript of a new play, he did not seem in the least tired. He talked glibly and with all of the sprightliness and vivacity of a youngster. Spying some boys playing a rather strenuous game in the street, he remarked:

"I feel as young as they. In fact, I do not feel my age at all, and never allow myself to think that I am growing old. What's the use to let years trouble you? They are merely the measure of time, not of one's physical fitness."

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Bob Acres (*Francis Wilson*), made still more nervous by the ghastly possibilities conjured up by his timid servant David (*James T. Powers*), tremblingly pens his challenge to Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

EQUITY PLAYERS IN A FINE PRODUCTION OF THE "RIVALS"  
*Character Study Made Exclusively for Theatre Magazine by Alfred Cheney Johnston*



# Can the Negro Serve the Drama?

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

*THE author of the following article has long held a high place among Negro educators. He is editor of the publication "The Crisis," and author of several successful books: "The Suppression of the Slave Trade," "The Souls of Black Folk," etc. The sentiments expressed by Professor Du Bois, while influenced by a natural racial enthusiasm, offer a frank and thoughtful view of the problem of the Negro in the Theatre.—Editor.*

A VISITOR from Czecho-Slovakia or even from London, visiting the Frazee Theatre recently, would have noted some excellent acting by members of the Ethiopian Art Theatre. Evelyn Preer in Wilde's *Salome* made a marvellous impersonation; Sidney Kirkpatrick was absolutely convincing as Silas in *The Chip-Woman's Fortune*. Nathaniel Guy, as the Syrian Captain of the Guard, had both the look and the voice, and surely there was never a better Dromio than Charles Olden. The whole setting and verve of all the plays must have made upon such an auditor an impression of sincerity and abandon—the surrender of the individual completely to the part. There might have been, almost inevitably there would have come, questions of judgment, niceties of balance where actor and auditor could not agree. Herod's pleading might have been considered too breathless; Aunt Nancy's surrender to jazz music, something overdone—but all these would be matters of quite reasonable dispute and could not for a moment militate against the excellence of the performance as a whole.

## THE ATTITUDE OF PREJUDICE

BUT only a foreigner could see and judge these performances thus dispassionately. The American, with few fine exceptions, went there with his mind absolutely precluded from dispassionate judgment because these actors were of Negro descent. That one fact distorted and unbalanced everything that they said and did. Such an auditor did not, for a moment, ask himself, "How well is *Salome* performed?" Rather he said, "Why should Negroes perform *Salome* at all?" He saw the whole thing as a phase of a "problem." "What could Negroes do on the stage?" he asked himself. They could interpret the drama to Negroes, he would have answered, or they could do something *bizarre* and unusual and funny for whites. If one asked: Could they not attempt to do the usual things which white actors do, and bring to their task certain nuances of interpretation, subtly revealing new human gifts? the American auditor would probably shake his head and say: "Possibly, of course, but not probably." And this attitude of America toward Negro art brings a grave question to the lovers of the beautiful.

Take, for instance, *The Comedy of Errors*, as given by the Ethiopian Players "à la jazz." To a modern audience *The*

*Comedy of Errors* is not particularly funny, but it is Shakespeare. There comes then a problem of popularizing a great piece of literature. Some have attempted to do this with gorgeous scenery; others by new effects of lighting and staging; but the



Goldberg

## EVELYN PREER AS SALOME

This tragedienne of African descent astonished the critics by the intensity and emotional beauty of her acting.

Ethiopian Players tried a new thing. They set the scene in a circus tent; they made the placing of the very simple, symbolic scenery a matter of clowns and light jazz music, giving to the old play a series of modern interludes; and then they played the play with vigor and truth. Miss Preer and the beautiful Edna Thomas; Marion Taylor and Arthur Ray; and, as I have already said, Charles Olden, gave an interpretation of Shakespeare which seems to me could scarcely have been bettered. If this new thing had come out of France with a European imprint I cannot but think that New York would have gone wild in praise at its daring originality. As it was, on the night I saw it three tall, white gentlemen sitting in the very front row, almost insulted the actors with their goings and comings, their gestures and comments. Negroes and Shakespeare!

Raymond O'Neil started last year in Chicago with a company of what Americans call Negroes. They were, in fact, people one or more of whose ancestors, more or less remote, were born in Africa; otherwise, they were Americans with a heritage, with common memories and experiences and these rather than blood made them a group apart and bound them together. Here, some folk seem to think, is "the Negro problem"; but not so. Here, as the artist would immediately say, is a chance for something new and delicate. These people have dramatic instinct because they come new to the tragedy and comedy of the world: where the rest of man knows slavery and lynching and caste as a far-off memory of memories, these people live them in their daily lives.

## INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

SO, as the foreword to the program says: "Believing that the Negro has a valuable contribution to make to the American drama, Mr. Raymond O'Neil, who has had many years of experience with the stage, both in America and in Europe, has brought together a group of professional players which he calls the Ethiopian Art Theatre. For twelve months Mr. O'Neil trained these players, seeking to develop the natural warmth and richness of their voices, their graceful and expressive movements. His effort has been not to train them in imitation of the more inhibited white actors, but to develop their peculiar racial characteristics—the freshness and vigor of their emotional responses, their spontaneity and intensity of mood, their freedom from intellectual and artistic obsessions. Wherever these players have appeared they have received unstinted praise and the most hearty and cordial support."

Mr. O'Neil began his experiment in Chicago and for seven weeks played to audiences of colored and white people. Then he went to Washington to a colored theatre and there, to the world's astonishment, played to audiences with as many whites as Negroes in a theatre which before had hardly seen a white face. They gave special performances at the Little Theatre and the Penguin Club; and finally came to New York City where they played three weeks.

What does this movement mean and what does it portend for the future of art in America? First of all, it has long been the consensus of opinion among the wise,

(Continued on page 68)





THE ETHIOPIAN ART THEATRE

*Tragic Moment in the Drama "George" Caught by the Camera of the Japanese Artist Jun Fujita*





The ferocious Judge Jeffreys (*Herbert Grimwood*), seeking another victim to destroy, finds his path blocked by the resourceful Nell.



Now all powerful in the Palace, Nell Gwynne allows the infatuated monarch to kiss her finger tips.



Nell, the orange girl (*Laurette Taylor*) makes fun of the king (*Alfred Lunt*) and so wins Charles Stuart's heart.

The former orange girl now the most powerful lady at court.



To save the life of Sir Roger Fairfax (*Regan Hughston*) Nell dons Judge Jeffreys' gown and wig and bids Lady Olivia (*Marguerite Myers*) fly to the king.

Brought before King Charles, Sir Roger is almost doomed when Nell arrives in time to save his life and disclose Judge Jeffreys' villainy.



## THE NEW PLAY

*Laurette Taylor and Equity Players in Paul Kester's Drama "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"*



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



## Sweet Nell of Old Drury

Comedy in four acts by Paul Kester, revived by the Equity Players at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre on May 18, with the following cast:

Nell Gwynne, Laurette Taylor; Lady Castlemaine, Lynn Fontanne; Duchess of Portsmouth, Helenka Adamowska; Lady Olivia Vernon, Marguerite Myers; Tiffin, Laura Burt; Charles II, Alfred Lunt; Lord Jeffreys, Herbert Grimwood; Sir Roger Fairfax, Regan Hughston; Lord Rochester, Richie Ling; Lord Lovelace, Schuyler Ladd; Captain Clavering, Edwin Holland.

WHATEVER may have been the shortcomings of Equity Players, Inc. in its opening ventures as a producing organization, it has since made ample amends—first, with its fine production of *The Rivals*; more recently, with the spirited, colorful, sumptuously costumed revival of Paul Kester's romantic melodrama, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*.

The play is, of course, rank hokum these advanced days of symbolic Insect comedy, Russian dramatic caviare, and Czecho-Slavic sociological thrillers, but it is the hokum we used to delight in before a surfeit of playgoing jaded theatrical appetites—the play of stirring situations, richly costumed personages, haughty courtisanes and beautiful maidens in distress, to say nothing of the saucy little orange girl whose comely face and ready wit won the affections of a king. Ada Rehan took the town by storm in the rôle of the resourceful, accomplished Nell Gwynne, so did Henrietta Crossman in another version of the same story. That was long ago before Freud came to worry us with his complexes, and O'Neill to rob us of some of the joy of life with his Hairy Apes, an artificial, disingenuous age in the theatre if you will, yet one that made for great acting and produced fine actors, the time when we unblushingly enjoyed the play despite its improbabilities and exaggerations, when we just liked the show, its robustious action, its tearful heroine, its preposterous, dyed-in-the-wool villain whom the gallery angrily hissed.

The career of the famous actress who became Charles Stuart's mistress is an oft told tale. There have been dozens of versions, and Paul Kester's, for the purpose of melodrama, is, perhaps, as plausible as the next. We see Nell, the Drury Lane Theatre orange girl, the sport of the gay courtiers, putting out her tongue at the king whom she mistakes for an idle gallant like themselves, and mimicking the ferocious Judge Jeffreys who has sworn to send to the scaffold Sir Roger Fairfax, innocent son of the man he hates. But the resourceful Nell, once she has gained the royal favor, easily checkmates her formidable antagonist's murderous plans, and, although herself caught in a mesh of intrigue by the jealous Lady Castlemaine and the spiteful Duchess of Portsmouth, who try to ruin her with the fickle Charles, eventually gets the best of her enemies and the play closes with her triumph.

Laurette Taylor, capable actress though she be within a certain limited range, is scarcely of the stature—physical or artistic—to assume with complete success the rôle of the king's clever paramour. Her long association with the more homely characters of present-day, middle class life, has unfitted her somewhat for the more stately, artificial domain of historic drama. She lacks the authoritative presence, the grand manner of the old school, and even her own charming, captivating personality does not entirely compensate for what is missing in her characterization. As the orange girl in the opening scenes she was colorless and heavy and so lacking in sprightly vivaciousness and girlish buoyancy that it became difficult to explain the sudden infatuation of the king, a gentleman than whom none was so experienced with women of both high and easy virtue. It was only later when, as the all-powerful mistress of the most corrupt court in Europe, she outwits her enemies, male and female, that the actress rose to the opportunities of the rôle.

fine and telling effect. Another memorable stage portrait.

## The Rivals

Comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, revived by the Equity Players at the 48th Street Theatre on May 7, with this cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute, Maclyn Arbuckle; Captain Absolute, Sidney Blackmer; Faulkland, McKay Morris; Acres, Francis Wilson; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, J. M. Kerrigan; Fag, John Craig; David, James T. Powers; Mrs. Malaprop, Mary Shaw; Lydia Languish, Violet Heming; Julia, Eva Le Gallienne; Lucy, Vivian Tobin;

EVERY now and again there is presented on Broadway a bill of such unusual interest that quite an exceptional audience is attracted. Not the *intelligentsia* from Greenwich Village who, with horned spectacles and bobbed hair, rush incontinently to view each exotic offering of the Theatre Guild, not the *nouveaux riches* seen at any *première*, a noisy, flashy mob, overfed, over-dressed, unable, even under their diamonds and unaccustomed finery, to wholly conceal their plebeian origin—but the more conservative, exclusive set, the *haut ton* and fashion of the town, persons obviously of distinction and high breeding, an aristocratic class usually seen only at the Opera, the sort of people Augustin Daly succeeded in drawing to his theatre at the height of his vogue, but very seldom seen nowadays in the purlieus of the commercialized playhouse.

The occasion was indeed an extraordinary one and the *cognescenti* rose to it—no less than the Equity Players' production of *The Rivals* with an all star cast. Having, in its managerial capacity, lost \$50,000 in unprofitable experiments with new plays, Equity hit upon the happy idea of falling back on the classics to replenish its

depleted treasury and, what with its leading members volunteering their services for little or nothing and extraordinary receipts—over \$18,000 a week—a record at this house, the revival proved so profitable that at the close of the engagement, when it became necessary to make room for Laurette Taylor, the Sheridan play was continued at the Earl Carroll Theatre.

The brilliant audiences that filled both houses to capacity concerned themselves little, however, with the reason for the revival. What lured them in droves from clubs and drawing rooms was the irresistible magnet of this super bill—one of the most famous of English comedies acted by all stars!

The expectations thus raised of a fine performance of this favorite classic were not in all respects fulfilled. If, on the whole, it proved a delightful evening, with charming settings by Woodman Thompson, rich period costumes, and lines and situations as provocative of as much laughter as ever, the acting left something to be desired. Better ensemble performances of *The Rivals* have been seen in the present generation.

Francis Wilson's Acres, amusing as it is, is

## Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—One of the cleverest, freshest satirical comedies in years.

ICEBOUND—An earnest, sincere play, dealing with the frigid souled creatures of the bleaker farming regions. One of the few treats the theatre has to offer.

RAIN—A corking melodrama that haunts the memory and proves we have some actors.

YOU AND I—An excellent American comedy with an idea behind it and capitably played.

ZANDER THE GREAT—Good old-fashioned melodrama, admirably acted by Alice Brady

And even then something was wanting.

Herbert Grimwood, always effective in sinister parts, was realistically ferocious as the bloody Jeffreys, one of the worst judges who ever disgraced the English bench, and Regan Hughston acted Sir Roger Fairfax with distinction and spirit. His good, clear diction was especially noticeable at this time when slovenly utterance is the besetting sin among our younger actors. Marguerite Myers made a gracious and sympathetic Lady Olivia.

The real hits of the evening were the admirable Charles II of Alfred Lunt, and the no less admirable Lady Castlemaine of Lynn Fontanne. With his Merry Monarch, Mr. Lunt makes a notable addition to contemporary stage portraits. In deportment, manner, speech he was every inch a king. It was a carefully studied, conscientious, finished performance, the memory of which will outlive the duration of the play. Miss Fontanne, as the King's discarded mistress, was dainty as a miniature in her attractive 17th century gowns. She had all the proud bearing of the aristocrat and acted the more subtle shadings of the rôle—the scorn, and outraged dignity of the deposed favorite—with



too hall marked with the familiar Wilson brand of humor to rank as an entirely fresh, original interpretation. That admirable actress, Mary Shaw, as Mrs. Malaprop, appeared too conscious of her verbal blunders to be wholly successful in conveying the illusion of genuine portraiture. Maclyn Arbuckle was capital as the choleric Sir Anthony, and J. M. Kerrigan gave a fine performance as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The one hit of the evening was scored by Jimmie Powers, that warm favorite of old Casino days, who played David. He acted the part of the comic servant with delicious drollery, keeping well to the character without yielding to the temptation to clown it.

The lack of training of our present-day players in classic drama was plainly evident when the younger members of the cast appeared in close contrast with their older colleagues. Sydney Blackmer, an admirable and favorite actor in modern rôles, strange to say, made a colorless and uninteresting Captain Absolute. He seemed unhappy and ill at ease in his curled wig and 18th century costume and his diction was so indistinct that a good many of his lines were lost. McKay Morris, who played Faulkland, presented a handsome figure and had all the grace of the lace and satin period. John Craig made an acceptable Fag.

Violet Heming was a vivacious and good looking Lydia, and Eva Le Gallienne only an indifferent Julia.

### Cold Feet

Farce in three acts by Fred Jackson and Pierre Gendron, produced at the Fulton Theatre by the Biltmore Production Co., on May 21, with the following cast:

Dr. Harry Nolles; Glenn Anders; Coralie Prentice, Annette Bade; Audrey Stanton, Beth Martin; Jack Prentice, Gay Pendleton; Diana Ainsley, Catherine Doucet; Count Louis De La Tour, Louis D'Arclay; George Prentice, John T. Doyle; Sophie, May Vokes; Kelly, Leighton Stark.

**A**N inconsequential phrase uttered by one of the characters supplies the title to this raw piece, obviously of Gallic origin. "What, you're not getting cold feet?" exclaims the heroine's aunt, and the three act farce is named. After that, cold feet have nothing more to do with the play. There are, it is true, a number of frigid extremities among the audience, owned by the T. B. M., his wife and daughter who, having paid good money for their seats, think they ought to make an effort and stay for the finish. They stay, principally, because May Vokes, in one of her characteristic silly-Tilly rôles, manages to bolster up the play with her quaint mannerisms as a slavey inebriate. Though the part is nothing to boast about, she manages to be funnier and more entertaining than the others in the cast and to inject some life and real humor into what otherwise is pretty shoddy, moth-eaten stuff.

The farce revolves around a wedding, the entire action taking place in a young doctor's sitting room, in the country home of the bride's aunt. The bride is nervous, as brides are apt to be, and the doctor, by mistake administers knockout drops instead of bromide. A lot of clumsy comedy ensues. Panic stricken at his blunder, the doctor spends the entire night carrying the bride's inanimate form from his bedroom to the piazza and back to his bedroom again, in a desperate effort to conceal her condition from the others in the household who are

unable to account for her disappearance. This continual juggling of the limp bride through three acts affords splendid exercise for the athletic and perspiring Mr. Glen Anders, but I do not see that it contributes much to dramatic art. This is all there was to the thing. Guests at the wedding keep bobbing in and out of the room and one by one they are given the same lethal dose to keep them from making trouble. The ending is particularly weak, when the doctor informs his credulous victims that he bungled up the wedding because he had a dream that there would be a wreck of the train on which the honeymooners were to travel. They all beam on him and—curtain.

Annette Bade is a ravishing bride in her bridal finery and orange negligée. Louis d'Arclay plays the excitable French groom with the vivacity and volubility characteristic of his nation, and Beth Martin, an attractive blond, is good as Audrey, the maid of honor. But it's Glen Anders who has to bear the brunt of it all, and it must be admitted he works hard, so hard that he wilted three collars on the opening night. If that is not devotion to art, I'd like to know what is.

### Dew Drop Inn

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Walter de Leon and Edward Delaney Dunn. Music by Alfred Goodman, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Astor Theatre on May 17, with this cast:

Jack Newton, Harry Clark; Madame Le Cordez, Mary Robson; J. P. Rocksly, William Holden; Grace Rocksly, Marcella Swanson; Hope Rocksly, Beatrice Swanson; Ronald Curtis, Jack Squire; Edith Toober, Evelyn Cavanaugh; Joseph Higgins, Spencer Charters; Bell Boy No. 1, Danny Dare; Maid, Jean Carroll; Nurse, Sylvia Highton; Violet Gray, Mable Withee; Bobby Smith, Robert Halliday; Reggie Murray, Frank Hill; Ananias Washington, James Barton; M. Dupont, Richard Doré; Harry McDonald, Harry Ellsworth; Grace McDonald, Grace Ellsworth.

**T**HE average summer show is a depressing affair. But this particular show, with no book to boast of and more than negligible music, promises to ride on the crest of metropolitan success, thanks to the versatile pedal extremities of James Barton, the popular burlesque comedian, who, as Ananias Washington, the colored porter at the Dew Drop Inn—an establishment well patronized because of the treasure supposed to be buried somewhere on the premises—presents one of the funniest black face characters Broadway has enjoyed in a long time.

The piece was originally called *The Pink Slip*, and the late Bert Williams was appearing in it when he was taken with his fatal illness. There is nothing to the piece. The plot is preposterous and there is neither originality nor wit in situations or dialogue. But there is James Barton, and that counts heavily.

Theatregoers who have never seen Barton do a shuffle dance or imitate a society high stepper have missed the treat of their lives. Positive genius literally exudes from this artist's feet. His comical and extraordinary gyrations hold you fascinated. Every other character is eliminated from your interest so long as Barton remains on the stage. That's how good he is.

Yet this is not saying there is nothing else in the show. There is. For instance, a number of girls who are pretty and can also dance. There are the Swanson sisters, Marcella and

Beatrice, and there is Evelyn Cavanaugh—another Mrs. Vernon Castle—whose shapely figure and graceful dancing made even the old-timers sit up. Barton's imitation of Miss Cavanaugh is alone worth the price of admission. There is little or no sense to the story. But you need not bother about that. There is James Barton. He's a host in himself.

### Sun Up

Play in three acts by Lula Vollmer, produced by the Players Co., Inc., at the Provincetown Theatre on May 24, with this cast:

Widow Cagle, Lucile LaVerne; Pap Todd, Owen Meech; Emmy, Anne Elstner; Bud, Eugene Lockhart; Sheriff Weeks, France Bendtsen; Rufe Cagle, Alan Birmingham; Preacher, Burnside Babcock; The Stranger, Elliott Cabot; Bob, Norman Dale.

**I**T is difficult to exercise judicial opinion in a Turkish bath. It is equally difficult to be fair in the appraisal of play or players when cooped up in the stuffy confines of the Provincetown Theatre, in the very heart of Greenwich Village. This little playroom which, if memory serves correctly, was once a stable, is a narrow, close, dark room, fitted out with benches. Scarcely a bit of air penetrates it, for there is but one opening, the small, barnlike entrance. Those in the audience can scarcely wait for an intermission, and when it does come, practically everyone in the theatre rushes outdoors to the pavement to fill congested lungs with air. The benches are not elevated, and back of the first few rows it is almost impossible to see the stage. The stage itself is a tiny box-like affair, and all sense of reality is lost when a number of characters are on at one time, for in real life four or five people would not, ordinarily, clutter up a real room.

Under these adverse conditions it is almost impossible for a reviewer to get the proper prospective. So it is difficult to say whether *Sun Up* is a good play or a bad one. It depicts life in the Carolina mountains—the drab monotonous life of illiterate mountaineers, whose chief occupation is making moonshine. The episodes have to do with a widow and her family. Her husband has been killed by a revenue officer, and she harbors a bitter vindictive feeling against "the law."

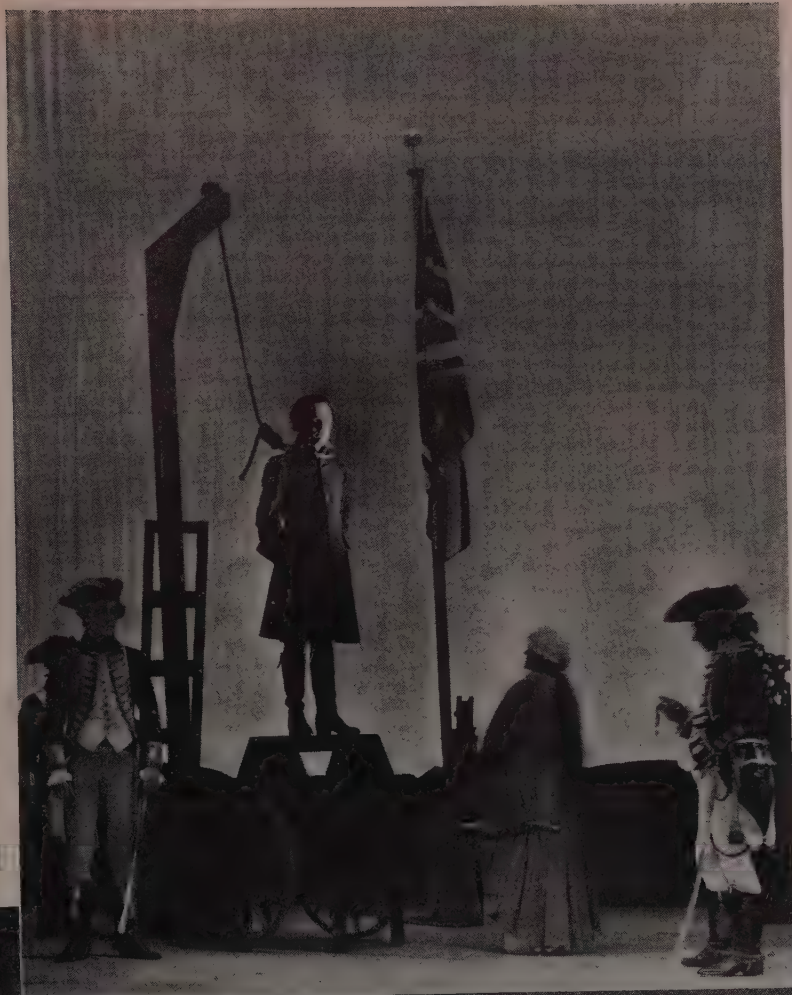
One night, while he is away to war, a young deserter seeks shelter in her home, and she hides him from the sheriff because she is willing to do anything to "beat the law." When she learns that the lad she has befriended is the son of the revenue officer who killed her husband, she is about to take the law in her own hands and shoot him, when she hears the "spirit voice" of her son. He has been killed in battle, and his mother believes she hears him telling her to love all mankind, and harbor hatred for none. So she allows the boy to escape, and smiles beatifically at the memory of her mystic message at the final curtain.

Whether the play is good or merely fair, there was no doubt about the fine acting. Lucile LaVerne as the harsh widow, with the feudal instinct, gives an excellent character delineation of a certain type of Carolina mountaineer. Anne Elstner put much fine sympathy and understanding into her portrayal of the pathetic, drab little wife of the soldier. Alan Birmingham is convincing and restrained as the uneducated young farmer. He has a fine voice as an added asset. Presented in a real theatre, *Sun Up* might actually have shone.



With the hangman's rope about his neck, Dick jests with Death while General Burgoyne (Roland Young) counts the fatal minutes and Judith prays for the speedy coming of the reprieve which may yet save her hero's life.

Confronting his military judges, Dick Dudgeon has no difficulty in convincing the Britishers that he is a gentleman, a fact that has more weight with them than that he is a self-avowed traitor. However, there is no help for it. An example must be made, and he is sentenced to be hanged.



Photos Braguière



Settings by Lee Simonson

## THE NEW PLAY

*The Theatre Guild Again Scores with a Brilliant Revival of Shaw's "Devil's Disciple"*





Life and success means nothing to "Petit Patou" (Norman Trevor), unless he can share it with the French poodle, his faithful friend and co-worker.



But when the dog is killed the clown feels, like Othello, that his occupation's gone, and "Petit Patou" is at his wits' end when—



—Elodie (Gabrielle Ravine), an obscure little actress, offers to take the dog's place.



Photos White

The war breaks out and "Petit Patou," now a general in the British forces, falls desperately in love with the aristocratic Lady Auriol (Lillian Kemble Cooper).



But there is the circus and Elodie. When Lady Auriol comes to their Paris flat he reveals himself to her, not as the brilliant general she knew, but as the mountebank.

## THE NEW PLAY

Broadway Sees W. J. Locke's Novel "The Mountebank" in Dramatic Dress



## The Mountebank

Play by W. J. Locke and Ernest Denny, produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Lyceum Theatre on May 7, with this cast:

Petit Patou, Norman Trevor; Horatio Bakkus, Lennox Pawle; Anthony Hylton, T. Wigney Percyval; Harry Verity-Stewart, Charles Romano; Gustave, Louis La Bey; Parker, F. Cecil Butler; Lady Auriol Dayne, Lillian Kemble Cooper; Elodie, Gabrielle Ravine; Lady Verity-Stewart, Marjorie Chard; Evadne, Nora Swinburne.

**A**NOTHER book play and, like most of its ilk, pretty bad. What else to expect of such stale and palpably rehashed material?

W. J. Locke is a name to conjure with in contemporary fiction. Few literary craftsmen excel him in beauty of style, charm of character drawing and the difficult art of blending strong human interest with delightful sophistication of dialogue. But there is a vast difference between a story that sparkles and bristles with importance through the 300 pages of a novel, and the mere skeleton of that same story—stripped of everything that makes the book plausible and readable—pitchforked with all its crude improbabilities on to the stage.

An Englishman, of ill-defined social position, has chosen to exile himself in France where he becomes the associate of a troupe of circus people who know him as "Petit Patou." A popular clown, his act includes the services of a poodle to which he is strongly attached. The dog is killed through an accident and "Petit Patou" is overwhelmed at the loss of his little partner. Not only has he lost a friend, but his career is cut short. Without the dog he can't go on. In this emergency, Elodie, an obscure actress who has fallen in love with the tall Englishman, humbly offers to take the dog's place.

Time passes. Elodie has become a partner in more senses than one. But "Petit Patou" is already tired of his mistress and when, at the outbreak of war, he is seized with the fever to enlist he is attracted by the haughty beauty of Lady Auriol, a titled Englishwoman who comes to Paris to serve as Red Cross nurse.

He goes to the front where his services prove so valuable that in a few months he returns home a general. In Act III we find him a petted lion in Lady Auriol's aristocratic home in England. The Englishwoman has lost her heart to the gallant soldier, and he is on the point of proposing when he remembers Elodie whom he left in Paris. He returns to France and the old circus life is resumed, but his heart is no longer in his work and when he breaks down in his act and the agencies refuse to book him any longer, Elodie, whose woman's instinct has guessed the truth, charges him with having ceased to care for her. Lady Auriol now appears on the scene. He tells her he is only a mountebank. She is shocked, but, never mind, she loves the man, not his calling. But there is Elodie. Happily, their old impecunious friend Horatio, flush now, thanks to the liberality of his brother, the archbishop, takes pity on them, and induces Elodie to elope, leaving "Petit Patou" and Lady Auriol free to go off to the Solomon Islands where the latter's degenerate brother can redeem his unsavory past.

A crazy, commonplace yarn if ever there was one and—robbed of all the delightful word-painting of the novel—hopelessly crude and naïve in dramatic dress. In one scene you see the clown in the sordid little Paris flat with his French mistress; in the next he is a

great General, striding into the Hall at Mansfield Court, virtually the "boss" of the English mansion. How did he get there? By what means did he work his way into the affections of this aristocratic English family? Mr. Locke's book, of course, makes all this clear. The play leaves one skeptical.

Then there is the lightning change in Lady Auriol, a cold, chaste Englishwoman. In one scene this modern Juno is too pure to even sit in the same room with Elodie, who is no better than she should be, yet later on this same Lady Auriol lounges about the little Paris flat after she discovers that her general is a clown and complacently watches him break with his mistress. In fact, she smilingly reads the girl's farewell missive and then, without as much as radioing her aristocratic family, agrees to accompany her clown-general to the Solomon Islands.

Even the able cast, which included Norman Trevor and Lennox Pawle, could not put any semblance of life into such melodramatic hash as this. The only joy in the performance was the acting of Gabrielle Ravine as Elodie. A clever comedienne, trained in the best of schools—the French stage—she gave the only human impersonation of the evening. By turns she was playful, touching, cajoling, tender, and in the more emotional passages, easily walked away with the scene. We ought to see more of Miss Ravine on Broadway. We need actresses of her type and ability.

## For Value Received

Melodrama in four acts by Ethel Clifton, produced at the Longacre Theatre on May 7, with this cast:

Almerie Thompson, Augustin Duncan; Beverly Mason, Maude Hanaford; Lawrence Banning, Louis Kimball; Fellman Thorndyke, Cecil Owen; Catherine Mason, June Bradley; Anthony, Harry Blakemore; Bernice Quinlan, May Hopkins.

**A**MELODRAMA cast on the *Bought and Paid For* mold. Even the titles mean the same thing. The story is old, old as Tut-Ankh-Amen's resting place, even older. A young girl sacrifices her virtue in order to provide for a young sister, becomes a rich man's mistress, and thereafter foregoes the wonderful right of "honorable wifehood and motherhood" which is quoting, fairly accurately, the downfallen heroine. All her speech is a defence of the women who, "for value received," sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Says this brazen young person, "We do as much for you men as wives do, and yet we don't get any credit for it. We're condemned." Maude Hanaford, who plays the unhappy secretarial-concubine, says it with sobs in her voice, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Scarlet women in other plays have ascribed their degradation to fairly plausible reasons—a sick old mother, a starving father. But this one has the quaint notion that her young sister must be sent to Europe to become a singer. This, to her mind, is more important than chastity and so, instead of being satisfied with the fair wage which the blind author offers her, she strikes a hard bargain, throws herself in as something extra, raises the sum offered by so doing, and as a little side income, steals a good percentage of the checks he gets for his stories which she claims she wrote—mostly—anyhow. All this to give little sister a chance

to flutter around Europe and have a good time! Little sister—a rôle portrayed by June Bradley—somehow doesn't seem worth her relative's heroic sacrifice. She is a blonde-haired fluff of a girl who would rather play around with frolicsome Americans in Paris than study.

If you can swallow these dubious premises, the show is not without its redeeming points. The blind author's growing attachment for his mistress-secretary, a feeling he is far from suspecting himself and which finds response in the girl despite her calf love affair with the fickle Larry, is deftly outlined and strikes the only genuine note. Augustin Duncan lends authority and dignity to the rôle of the blind author—his simulation of blindness was capitally done—and Maude Hanaford, a competent and personable actress, made a charming and sympathetic heroine. A hit in a subordinate rôle was scored by Harry Blakemore as the darkey butler.

## The Apache

A Play in a Prologue, two acts and an Epilogue by Josephine Turck Baker, produced by the author at the Punch and Judy Theatre May 7, with the following cast:

Monsieur Le Von (The Apache), Juan de la Cruz; Madame Viennese, Thais Magrane; Michele, Goldwyn Patten; William Vokes, Willard Dashiell; Betty Summers, Mary Ellen Ryan; Billy Clarke, Barry Townsley; Frau Fritz Schnitzler, Ida Fitzhugh; Signor Giovanni Lazzari, Luis Alberni; Madame Beauclair, Marie Bonsall.

**B**ASED on the contention that not only "as a man thinks, so is he," but also that what he anticipates in his thoughts is quite likely to happen, the author of *The Apache* has constructed a play that in treatment falls far below the level of its theme.

The plot, told in a prologue and epilogue of reality interspersed with two acts supposed to be the product of a dream, presents M. Le Von, the Parisian husband of a famous pianist, Mme. Viennese, whose success and popularity make him jealous and suspicious. Although advised to curb his insane ideas lest they become realities, he cannot put them from his mind. He falls into a reverie and in the following two acts lives out the natural consequences of his thoughts.

There might have been possibilities here for a subtle and interesting story, but the author—evidently on the ground that whatever was devised could be ascribed to the unconscious perambulations of a dream—tells a dull and shoddy tale of infidelity and revenge, the husband, M. Le Von, separated from his wife, becoming a vicious and degenerate Apache whose one ambition in life is to kill his wife and strangle her lover.

Jumping in and out of windows, ghastly green lights, and some rather capable acting could not make this thriller seem anything more than a shallow satire. Even dreams are entitled to some originality. The crudities of the action, while stretching plausibility to the snapping point, were not sufficiently fantastic to be recognized as the actual stuff of dreams. The horns of this dilemma put holes all through the author's plot.

Thais Magrane, as the unfortunate instrumentalist acted her part well, as did Ida Fitzhugh and Mary Ellen Ryan. Luis Alberni, as a temperamental Italian violinist, was excellent. The remainder of the cast did all that could be expected under the circumstances.



## The Devil's Disciple

Satirical melodrama by George Bernard Shaw, revived by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on April 23, with the following cast:

Mrs. Dudgeon, Beverly Sitgreaves; Essie, Martha Bryan Allen; Christy, Gerald Hamer; Anthony Anderson, Moffat Johnston; Judith Anderson, Lotus Robb; Lawyer Hawkins, Alan MacAteer; William Dudgeon, Byron Russell; Mrs. William Dudgeon, Kathryn Wilson; Titus Dudgeon, Lawrence Cecil; Mrs. Titus Dudgeon, Maude Ainslie; Richard Dudgeon, Basil Sydney; The Sergeant, Lawrence Cecil; Major Swindon, Reginald Goode; General Burgoyne, Roland Young; Mr. Brudenell, Byron Russell.

WHATEVER one may think of Shaw, the pseudo-philosopher, the literary mountebank, the iconoclastic Prince of Self-Advertisers who has made it his life task—a noble one forsooth—to mock and ridicule his fellow man, exposing and castigating social shams, but more often leering at virtue, scoffing at courage, religion, faith; gibing at mother love, family ties, everything decent people hold sacred, the while he cannily gathers in the shekels coined by the profitable exercise of his Mephistophelian humor, we must concede that as a jester he wears well and that the lapse of a quarter of a century has not dulled the wit of *The Devil's Disciple*, one of his earliest plays, first introduced to American audiences by Richard Mansfield.

We call Shaw's stage compositions "plays" when really they are dramatic satires or mock plays. The fundamental requirements of a play is that it have a rational theme or plot and that its scenes and situations bear some verisimilitude to actual life. Writing as Shaw does, with his tongue in his cheek, the cynical jest ever in his heart as well as on his lips, we know he is sincere in nothing—not even in his own cynicism. Under such circumstances no dramatic illusion is possible for a moment. All who have sat through a Shaw "play" have felt this sense of shallowness and unreality. The insincerity of his characters and the artificiality of his situations are apparent from the start. Only the pyrotechnics and scintillating wit of the dialogue serve to keep the auditor interested and infuse into the proceedings some semblance of life. It is the wit of the scene, never its human appeal that the playgoer carries away with him, and in none of the "plays" is his insincerity and shallowness more apparent than in *The Devil's Disciple*, this melodrama of the American revolution in which the satirist shoots his shafts at colonists and Britishers alike, incidentally trying to prove, by his favorite topsy-turvy philosophy, that all good men are cowards and knaves, and only blackguards and ne'er-do-wells can be counted on to do the right thing.

This is, of course, Shaw's pet formula, amusing at first, but repeated so often that long ago it ceased to be funny. In fact, Shaw as a dramatist to be taken seriously is a pretty fiction now entirely exploded except by the most rabid of Shavians. If the satirist had confined himself to writing prefaces, the world might have judged him the greatest of dramatic craftsmen. As it is, his shallowness, his exaggerated ego, his lack of real humanity, in a word, his obvious shortcomings as a sincere worker in the theatre stand revealed in all their nakedness. As a jester, a writer of extravagant farce, he has his place as an entertainer, but at best he is merely an adroit manipulator of fantastic puppets, abnormal men and women as they appear to his queer, distorted vision.

However, *The Devil's Disciple* furnished

a good enough stop gap for the tail end of the Theatre Guild's theatrical season. A new generation of theatregoers has sprung up since Mansfield did the play and the revival is welcome if only because it afforded an opportunity to see that excellent comedian, Roland Young, in the rôle of General Burgoyne. In the courtroom scene, rich in satirical humor, the actor's quiet method had full opportunity, and he fairly brought down the house. A more artistic and delightful performance New York has not seen this season.

Reginald Goode, as the swaggering Major Swindon, ran a close second for the honors of the evening, and Moffat Johnston made a virile and sympathetic parson. Beverley Sitgreaves, an actress of wide experience and fine accomplishment, portrayed well the hateful, intolerant Puritan mother, Mrs. Dudgeon. Lotus Robb was a satisfying Judith, and dainty little Martha Bryant Allan a charming Essie.

With Mr. Mansfield's fine impersonation of Dick Dudgeon still fresh in memory, Basil Sydney's hero seemed weak and colorless by comparison. It is a curious idiosyncrasy of this actor that he never seems to take his rôle seriously. In the present instance, he has some justification, but he always gives the impression that he is playing at acting. Perhaps it is the bad example set by Shaw himself.

## Uptown West

A play in three acts by Lincoln Osborn, produced at the Bijou Theatre by the Matinee Players, Inc., on April 30, with this cast:

Mildred, Florence Mason; Mrs. Golfarb, Angela Jacobs; Sarah, Frances Victory; Allan Reed, Carlton Brickert; Sakamoto, Henry Herbert; Florence, Grace Heyer; The Doctor, William Podmore; McCarthy, Edmund Norris.

A PLAY with a punch this, and above the average both in interest of theme and constructive merit. First tried at a series of matinees at the Earl Carroll Theatre, the piece made such a favorable impression that later it was put into the night bill at the Bijou where it promises to have a substantial run.

The author—an old-time actor—is new to Broadway in his dramatic capacity, but that he knows how to write good theatre is demonstrated by the genuine human note he has succeeded in striking in this poignant inter-racial drama, the skill with which he has drawn his two protagonists—this spineless American wife and her faithful Japanese husband who finds between himself and his alien mate a social abyss that only his own death can bridge—and the cold logic of the sequence of scenes which, after a clean-cut exposition, move relentlessly on to the tragic *dénouement* with all the swiftness and inevitableness of Greek tragedy.

Sakamoto, a Japanese merchant, is attracted by the blond prettiness of a small town American girl and marries her.

It is only when their child is born—with its features absurdly suggestive of its father's alien race—that Mildred, the wife, realizes the mistake she has made. When a former sweetheart from her home town calls during her husband's absence and invites her to go to the movies, it takes more will power than she possesses to decline.

Like most of his race, Sakamoto is suspicious and shrewd. When he hears about the visitor and learns that his wife has gone out with him,

not once, but many times, frenzied jealousy is aroused. His child is all that holds him, and when the latter is killed, Sakamoto determines to leave his wife, but finds it impossible. Again the demon of jealousy whispers at his ear. He sees red. Returning to his flat, he finds there a woman he believes to be his wife and he strangles her. Really, it is his sister-in-law, a worthless drug addict. Unnerved by his crime, and wishing to put an end to his own sufferings, he commits *hari kari*.

The story is harrowing, but the telling of it is strong and, with the exception of occasional lapses into melodrama and some noisy comedy supplied by a gossiping neighbor,—a false note in this tragedy of love and death—the play holds one. It visualizes in a vivid and dramatic way the unpleasant possibilities of such mixed marriages and from this angle may be said to point a useful moral.

It is splendidly acted. Henry Herbert, a player whose natural mask and fine talent have often helped him to win distinction in Japanese rôles, gives a remarkable characterization of the Japanese merchant. In "make-up," feature, facial play he is the wily, secretive, imperturbable Asiatic to the life.

Florence Mason also deserves praise for her work as the wife—a quiet, dignified performance played with much tact and understanding.

## The Inspector General

A play in four acts by Nikolai Gogol, produced at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre by the Classic Theatre, Inc., on April 30. Cast:

Ivan Kuzmich, Arnold Mural; Piotr Ivanovich Dohchinsky, Royal Tracy; Piotr Ivanovich Bobchinsky, W. A. Whitecar; Ivan Alexandrovich Khlestakov, Maurice Swartz; Osip, Wm. A. Norton; Ukhovortov, Ben H. Roberts; Svistunov, Arthur Ludwig; Derzhimorda, A. Boyarsky; Fevronya, Florence Earle.

HERE is another attempt to entertain our audiences with an alien humor, a risky experiment which is rarely if ever successful. In the present instance, it gave Broadway a spectacle that reached the heights of naive and childish absurdity.

The comedy inherent in the situation of a starving young clerk, who is mistaken by the grafting officials of a small community for the Inspector General, thriving temporarily on the honors and largesse showered upon him, is hackneyed to the point of tears. Four acts devoted to the unfolding of this antique complication—with side dialogues between numerous characters familiar alone to persons of Russian extraction—could hardly be *caviare* to a mixed and sophisticated American audience.

Maurice Swartz is to be commended for a sincere effort to bring to the English-speaking public the great works of Russian drama, but in this instance his stumbling block has been the national idiosyncrasy of humor—humor which cannot be translated out of its original and traditional meaning. He was also handicapped, in the present case, by a poor and ill-chosen company. Mr. Swartz himself is a capable actor, but a far better tragedian than he is a comedian. In contrast to his serious rôle in *Anathema*, he was decidedly wooden in the character of the presumptuous young clerk. Mr. Swartz has naturally a tragic mask. His set, stern expression never relaxes to meet the softer mood of comedy. His laughter lacks spontaneity, his rollicking seems always forced.

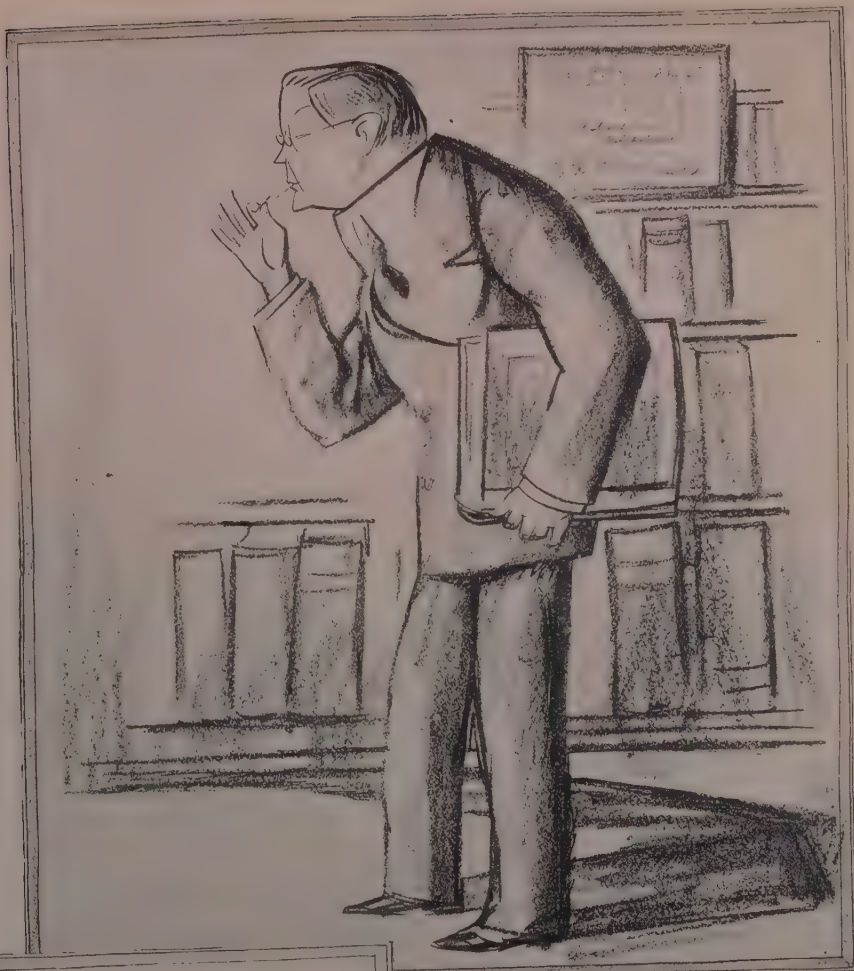


# Theatre Magazine Exposes the New York Critics

Caricatures by  
Richard Lahey

No. 3

Next Month: Alan Dale of the *N. Y. American* and George Jean Nathan of *Smart Set*.



JOHN CORBIN, the scholarly theatrical mentor of the *New York Times*, was educated at Oxford, a fact we are never allowed to forget. A highbrow type of critic, steeped in classic tradition, he views the passing show competently and conscientiously, yet with the condescending tolerance of a mind, "o'erburdened with the sense and rhythm of a style."



PERCY HAMMOND, whose gargantuan proportions suggest Falstaff's genial, rollicking good humor, came, like Lochinvar, out of the West. Chicago is said to have trembled at the mere sound of his name, but New York actors think him the mildest and most kindly of critics. The former thunderous trumpet of his opinion—now played *en piccolo* to suit a less barbarous community—is none the less sure and penetrating.



# The Kamerny—Theatre of the Revolution

*Futurist Playhouse of the Soviets One of the Most Unique and Radical of Russia's Many Art Movements*

By CHARLES RECHT

THE name of the Kamerny Theatre of Moscow is, in reality, a misnomer. For, properly considered, this unique institution is not so much a theatre as it is a new movement, or a tendency in stagecraft and acting. *Kamerny* means *chamber*, or *intimate*, and the building in which the Kamerny Theatre is housed is not small. And, indeed, the popularity of the players and the performances have already created a demand that a still larger playhouse be built for M. Tairoff's company.

In his book, *The Memoirs of a Régisseur*, published in Moscow in 1921, Alexander Tairoff, the founder and director of the Kamerny, proposes that, since the experimental phase of the school of acting of which he was the pioneer has passed, he can with confidence postulate the principles upon which the Kamerny Theatre was originated in the years 1913 and 1914. Even before the outbreak of the war, a group of actors, artists and writers founded the Moscow Free Theatre with the object of liberating the stage from the established realistic perfection school of the Moscow Art Theatre—the school of Danchenko and Stanislavsky. But the Free Theatre was believed by Tairoff, who was one of its founders, to be entirely too conservative and afraid to break completely with the traditional conceptions of the established school. Tairoff proposed a complete severance with the conventional forms of staging—in scenery, costumes, make-up, acting and music.

## NEW GROUP FORMED

UNABLE to convince his associates in the Moscow Free Theatre, he and his group, which included the two great artists Mme. Koonen and Nickolai Tseretelli, parted with the Free Theatre group and formed the Kamerny. The original object was to experiment with the idea of producing plays in very modern settings.

The plan, according to Tairoff, was to put into practice theories of a new form of theatric art. These theories included the breaking away from the traditions and the routine which, up to the founding of the Kamerny, had held sway over the entire Russian stage. "Between the theatre of psychological sensation representing the thesis and the theatre of the fairy spectacle, representing the antithesis," says Oliver M. Sayler in his interesting work, *The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution*, the Kamerny has taken an intermediary position, representing the theatre of synthesis, and trying to reconcile and ally both emotion and form in a harmonic and indissoluble whole. In order to arrive at this end, the Kamerny has thrown off the two yokes which so long

have enslaved the theatre, literature and painting, and has tried to deliver it from their super-imposed laws which have prevented it from developing according to its own natural laws."

These promising declarations of principle gave the Russian art world food for thought. Although the Germans were thundering at the country's border, the opening of this new playhouse in 1914 was watched in Moscow with as keen an in-

building on the Continent or in America. The difference begins only with the stage, but there it begins with a vengeance. The curtain, as one instance, is executed by Alexandra Exter, a cubist artist, and proclaims to the onlooker that the secrets which it is about to reveal will not be those of the usual theatre. An American who saw the bright-colored draperies which comprise the settings would probably call this theatre a "futurist" theatre. The

Kamerny can indeed, be quite justly termed a futurist theatre because of the promise it seems to be showing as an effort towards a new expression in stagecraft. The Kamerny has also been called the Cubist, the Post-Impressionistic, and the Theatre of the Revolution. But by whatever adjective we may wish to describe it, it remains the Playhouse Unusual.

All the stage settings have the spirit of modern paintings in which movement and color are emphasized in broad and vivid terms. The technique of the stage pictures is complete in detail. An angular simplicity is expressed even in the make-up of the actors with a surprising perfection.

## LARGE AND VARIED REPERTOIRE

THE repertoire of the Kamerny is large and varied and is constantly increasing. It includes Shakespearean tragedies, Russian dramas and French and Italian comedies and pantomimes. The classics are in great favor. Last April, for instance, Moscow saw a new rendition of *Phèdre*, in keeping with the style, the expression and the methods of the Kamerny Theatre. This performance gave a new opportunity to that gifted actress, Mme. Koonen, Tairoff's wife, to display her rare ability as a tragedienne. Koonen's European fame rests principally on her representation of Salome. Oscar

Wilde's tragedy is now a permanent addition to the repertoire and has been repeated every year by the Kamerny since its *première*. It is, probably, the only adequate production of that tragedy ever made.

Although born during the stress of war and matured amid conditions of extreme national poverty and famine, having to struggle with obstacles of almost inconceivable difficulty, the Kamerny has nevertheless won for itself the approval of what perhaps is the most critical audience in the world—the audience of Moscow. It is the most interesting and progressive theatre in Russia today, audacious in its youthful energy, permitting nothing to interfere with its ideals and program—to keep up a constant flow of productions which shall satisfy the mentality and fit the psychology of the present-day man and woman.



MME. ALEXANDRA KOONEN

Leading actress and wife of M. Tairoff, director of the Kamerny Theatre, in make-up and head-dress of cubist inspiration.

terest as the movements of the hard pressed armies. For, to the Russians, the theatre is not merely a place of amusement, but an institution which receives as much consideration as the university or the museum. That the Kamerny was accorded an encouraging reception is demonstrated by the fact that it soon became a State institution, being put on the same plane as the Art Theatre (*Chudozhestvenyi*) and the Opera, or the Great (*Bolshoi*) Theatre. It is now receiving a subsidy from the Soviet Government and is maintaining a school for new actors, artists and playwrights in which it teaches its principles.

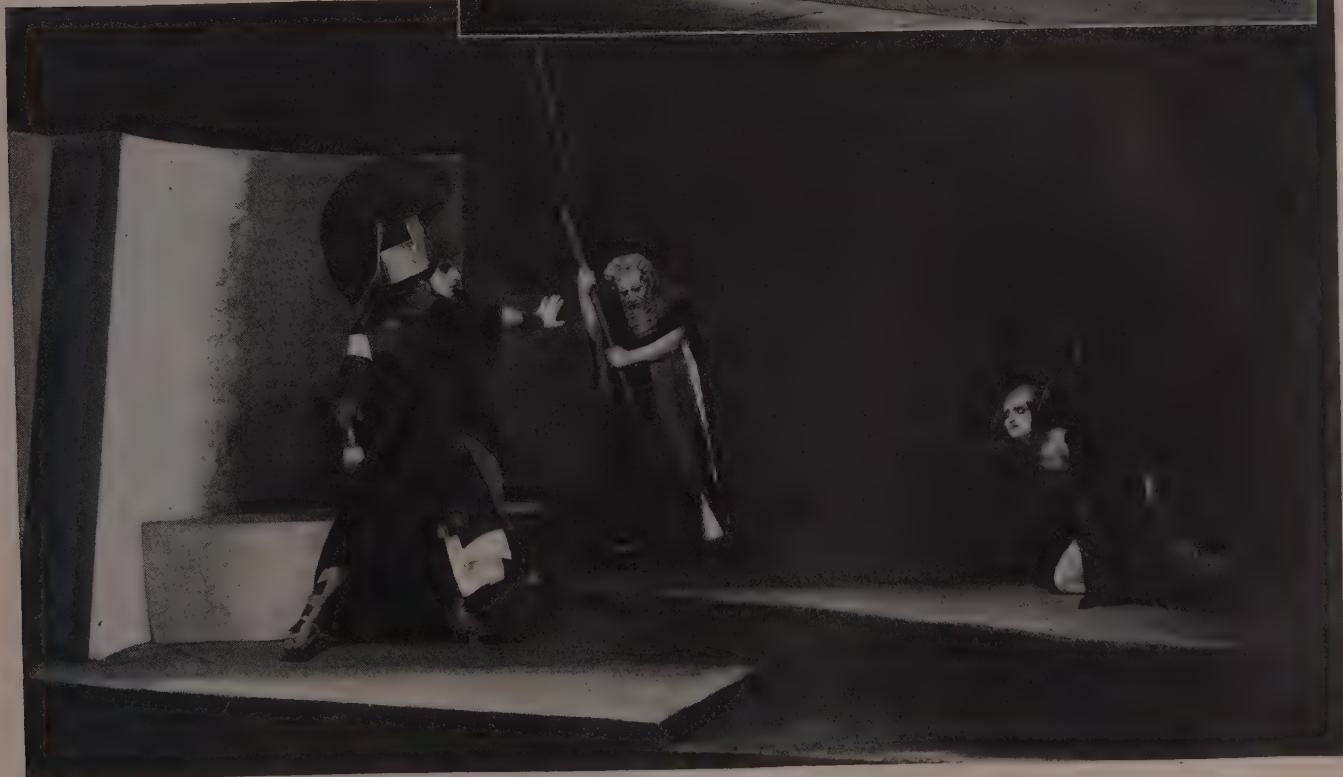
The theatre building of the Kamerny itself is situated on one of Moscow's principal streets, as the exterior as well as the lobbies and the auditorium present nothing to distinguish it from the customary theatre



This scene from the pageant *The Blessed Ones*, shows the Kamerny attempt to give a purely intellectual expression to action and emotion. Bright draperies are suspended from the ceiling, scenery and costumes cut and shaded to give an effect of geometrical angularity, and even the dialogue receives a formal utterance. Designed by Alexandra Exter, the cubist artist.



A scene from Racine's tragedy, *Phèdre*, showing costume and scenery combined to give an effect of statuesque simplicity, as though the characters of the old Greek tragedy had stepped into life from their marble pedestals. The actors time their movements to the classic tempo. Mme. Koonen is seen at the right.



## THE PLAYHOUSE UNUSUAL

*Moscow Theatre of Synthesis the Most Interesting of New Russia's Institutions*



Photos  
Maurice Goldberg



TESSA KOSTA  
Whose alluring voice  
and captivating person-  
ality have helped to win  
success for the musical  
romance, *Caroline*.



EDDIE DOWLING  
Star and author of *Sally, Irene and Mary*—who has brought a fresh humor,  
and real ability as an actor, to the  
realm of musical comedy.

HELEN SHIPMAN  
Vivacious little comedienne—dainty  
and droll—who shares the honors of  
*Caroline* with Tessa Kosta.



LOUISE BROWN  
Charming sixteen-year-  
old danseuse, pupil of  
Ivan Torosoff, who acts  
and sings the leading  
rôle of Sally in Eddie  
Dowling's play.

## MUSICAL COMEDY'S BRIGHTEST STARS

*Whose Beauty, Brains, and Versatility Have Spiced the Lighter Offerings of the Season*



# Where the Smile Meets the Tear

Louis Mann, a Master of Human Emotions, Tells How He Played Tragedy to Prepare for Comedy

By ADA PATTERSON

**A**N actor has only one skin and that is a thin one."

"Richard Mansfield, despite his reputation for sternness, was right every time. I do some 'damning' myself."

"The line of demarcation between tragedy and comedy is as slender and as delicate as a thread of a spider's web."

"There is no situation that does not hold the element of humor. A funeral is one of the saddest sights in the world, but I have gone to a funeral prepared to mourn and have come away with an inward ache from suppressed laughter. Usually it was at a mannerism of the officiating preacher."

"The inward excitation, the psychology of the expression of tragedy and comedy are the same. I demonstrated, that to a club, in Theoria, the other day. Jane Cowl told me it was wonderful."

"I never see the faces in an audience. I depend on the auricular response. There are four of these messages to the ear. They are sobs, laughter, and intake of breath that is a balance between sobs and laughter and may develop into either, and a silence so intense that it has the effect of a boisterous noise. I prefer that response to all the others."

"I believe I have shown that dialect is not necessarily funny. I play this part without dialect."

## THE GIFT OF HUMOR

**T**HESE Mannisms are submitted here because they are distinctly Mannish. Louis Mann, one of the best character actors of his generation, is addicted to epigrams. No better picture can be made of a man than to set down what he thinks as he says it. Speech is the photograph of the soul. He had dashed off the stage—he always dashes unless tragedy has attached a ball and chain to his ankle—to a hurricane of laughter from the matinee audience of *Give and Take*. Six months ago he—a serious actor and master of dialect—had created the chief rôle in a farce comedy and carried the play to success. He had caused as much laughter as though his life had been one long course in buffoonery.

"Their children must be international democrats," he had shouted on a recent afternoon in a high, excited voice.

"But perhaps they won't have any children," said a low voiced person playing opposite him.

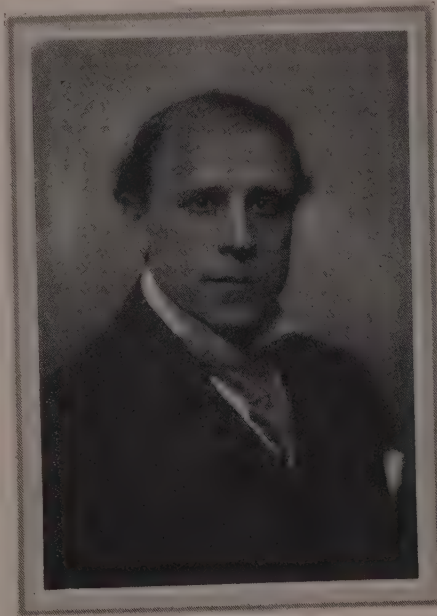
"They gotta have children," he yelled. "All they need is a little co-operation."

The audience screamed its delight at this evidence of the conversion of a capitalist. The curtain falls. Mr. Mann, lean and agile as a boy, his face thin, brown and reflective as a mirror, sprang up the stairs to his dressing room.

"You have accomplished with great success the transition from one form of dramatic art to the other," I said, after we

had chatted a moment. "You have crossed the bridge from tragedy to comedy. That is very unusual."

"It shouldn't be," he retorted. "An artist of the stage can portray any human emotion. Mere type actors cannot. I told the Theoria Club the other day that the line of demarcation between tragedy and comedy in art, as in life, is as slender and as delicate as a strand of a spider's web, shining in the summer sun. I told them the physiology of their portrayal is very



LOUIS MANN

Though successfully identified with comedy for a full season, this fine character actor will not desert the serious play, to which he returns in the Fall.

like. I will demonstrate it to you as I did to them."

The actor who had reason to be tired after rocking an audience with laughter for nearly two and a half hours, but denied he was in that state, rose, looked into my eyes and said, "Watch my face."

His visage was over-clouded. His cheeks and lips and eyelids drooped. His relaxed mouth quivered. His eyelids fluttered. From beneath the trembling eyelids tears rolled upon the flaccid muscles of his cheeks. A wait to impress this sodden woe upon his audience of one, then a slight rise in the muscles, a lifting of the corners of the mouth, a show of teeth, an opening of the streaming eyes, and I beheld a very god of laughter.

"Quick work," I applauded.

"Easy, if you know how," he assented.

"But your preparation for comedy—?"

"Was in playing tragedy," he insisted.

"It would be simple to turn tragedy into comedy if one wished. They are much alike in art as in life. No situation is so sad that it does not hold an element of

humor. A funeral is one of the saddest sights in the world, but I have gone to a funeral prepared to mourn and come away with an inward ache from suppressed laughter. Usually it was at some blunder or mannerism of the preacher."

"A good actor has a fiddle inside of him." Mr. Mann tapped his solar plexus. "The emotions of life play upon all the strings. One of the strings is tragedy. One is comedy. If the strings become tangled, the result is discord in his life or his art."

"In other words, an actor has but one skin."

"Yes, and it is a thin one. When I say actor I include actress."

"Richard Mansfield believed that."

"Mansfield was right every time. He was impatient with the stupid and the careless. I have done some damning, myself."

"What instruments do you use in comedy that you do not use in tragedy?"

"There are three chief differences in means. First, *tempo*. One plays his passages *accelerando* in comedy. One plays a farce comedy twice as fast as tragedy. The voice is pitched low in tragedy, high in comedy. Chest tones for tragedy; head tones for comedy; then the walk. The walk is slow in tragedy, the steps deliberate and long. The movements in comedy are 'niggely' impressions, little abrupt touches."

## BACK TO THE SERIOUS

**I** ASKED him about his reaction to the waves of laughter that all but sweep him from the stage while he plays the troubled manufacturer in *Give and Take*. He leaned far forward in his chair as is his manner when earnest and anxious to convince his listener.

"It is pleasant. I enjoy it because it means success. But I have enjoyed playing a tragedy as well, when it was successful."

"You are not conscious that day by day, in every way, you are growing more cheerful?"

"Mrs. Mann says I am, but I think it is the tonic of success. The wine of success is always exhilarating."

"Playing tragedy has no reaction of gloom?"

"Not while I am playing it. While studying it and rehearsing it yes, but that is only for a few weeks. After finishing this play I shall have a classical one."

"Back to the serious?"

"Yes, because I am cast by nature in that mold. I shall have a sign above the theatre saying, 'If you want to laugh, don't enter here. This is no laughing play!'"

"Laziness alone should take a man back into tragedy." His teeth gleamed in a snow-colored comedy smile. "Tragedy is written for you. But comedy leaves much more to the actor. It requires the brain to be more alert. Yes, it is harder work."



# The Play That Is Talked About



White

After a humiliating effort to recover his genius with the brush, Maitland White learns that his masterpiece has been purchased for a soap advertisement. Left to right: Ferdinand Gottschalk, Reginald Mason, H. B. Warner, and Lucile Watson.

## You and I

A Comedy in Three Acts by Philip Barry

**MR. PHILIP BARRY**, a recent graduate of Prof. George Baker's famous Workshop 47, has achieved a unique success with his first Broadway production—the Harvard prize play of the year. Avoiding the present flair for fantastic forms of drama, he has constructed a play, so effective in the choice and delightful treatment of its theme, as to make many more ambitious theatrical ventures seem futile in comparison. The following excerpts are given by courtesy of Richard G. Herndon. Copyright by Philip Barry.

### THE CAST

(As produced by Richard G. Herndon at the Belmont Theatre)

Veronica Duane	Frieda Inescourt
Roderick White	Kenneth Mackenna
Nancy White	Lucile Watson
Maitland White	H. B. Warner
Etta	Beatrice Miles
G. T. Warren	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Geoffrey Nichols	Reginald Mason

**T**HIS is the story of a successful business man who, though he chose married life instead of a career, has never relinquished his hopes of one day becoming a famous artist. Offered the opportunity of again wooing the muse, he makes the humiliating discovery that he—like so many poor mortals—has postponed too long the pursuit of his dream. The first act opens in the library of the White country home in Westchester County, New York, one September evening. The curtain rises on an empty room. Someone is playing the latest dance tune on a piano in the next room. In the middle of a measure the music stops abruptly. Ronny Duane, nineteen, well-bred, slim and pretty, with a poise far in advance of her years, enters rapidly. She is thoroughly angry. Ricky White, a well set-up, thoroughly nice boy about twenty-one, saunters after her.

**RONNY:** (*In cold speculation*) Ricky—I could kill you for doing that.

**RICKY:** (*Slowly*) I've been resisting the

impulse all summer, and when you turned your head and looked up that way—Well, it was rather pleasant—

**RONNY:** (*Incensed*) On the fifteenth of October you're going abroad for three years. For the love of Pete, why couldn't you have held out for just two weeks more? Then you'd have gone, and I'd have forgotten you—And that would have been all there was to it.

**RICKY:** (*Wretchedly*) But—but Ronny—Can't you get it into your silly head that I'm *really* in love with you? I'm—you've—Oh! damn it—*won't* you marry me?

**RONNY:** (*Softly*) It would be too delightful, to be—to you.

**RICKY:** Listen, Ronny, there's no reason why we *shouldn't* be—I'll go into Father's factory, instead. Mr. Warren said he'd start me at two thousand a year, and if I was any good—

**RONNY:** But, Ricky—you've *always* meant to be an architect. I won't have you wash out on it for me.

**RICKY:** Oh—will you listen—I'm not washing out on anything. I'll study on the side and drift into it gradually. I can go to night-school—

**RONNY:** But that sounds like such a makeshift. And supposing once you got into business you had to stay put?



Marcia Stein

PHILIP BARRY  
Author of *You and I*.





At six years of age.



Début—as *La Belle Laurette* in vaudeville—age 16.



In her husband's play, *Barbaraza*, produced in Los Angeles, 1911.



In *The Bird of Paradise*, 1912.



(Top Center)  
In amateur theatricals at the age of thirteen.

As 'Auntie Annie' in *Out There*, 1916.



*Humoresque*, 1923.



*Peg o' My Heart*, 1912.



*One Night in Rome*, 1919.

Motif by Lyman Brown

## BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 10. LAURETTE TAYLOR

Peg o' Our Hearts was born in Manhattan, of Irish-American parents, and educated in the public schools. She demonstrated her dramatic ability at an early age, while playing in amateur theatricals, and appeared in professional vaudeville, as *La Belle Laurette*, at Gloucester, Mass., at the age of sixteen. Her New York début was made November 2nd, 1903 at the Star Theatre, in the part of *Flossie Cooper* with Joseph Santley in *From Rags to Riches*. Following this, she played stock in Seattle and Washington, D. C., and returned to New York in 1909, where she was seen in *The Devil*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, *The Bird of Paradise*, and, in 1912, in her world-famous success, *Peg o' My Heart*, written by her husband, J. Hartley Manners. The latter play won high favor for her in London in 1914 and two years later she returned to America. Since then, with such productions as *One Night in Rome*, *The National Anthem*, and *Humoresque*, Miss Taylor has risen to the position of one of the most versatile and accomplished actresses on the American stage.



RICKY: Well, that's no calamity. Father dished painting in order to marry Nanny. And do you suppose he's ever regretted it? Look at them!

RONNY: I know—they're so happy, it's painful. But—

RICKY: Listen! I'll work like the very devil and next summer we'll be married. What do you say?

RONNY: (*After a troubled pause*) Why—I've no really strong objections.

RICKY calls his mother downstairs to hear the "big news." Nancy, an attractive-looking, young forty, congratulates "the children," but objects that they are too young for marital responsibilities. When Ronny has gone home to dress for dinner, Nancy reminds her son that it is a serious matter to give up the career he has dreamed of from childhood. Ricky points to his father as a happy example. They hear him whistling as he comes downstairs. Nancy shakes her head.

NANCY: You can't tell much by a whistle, son—

Maitland White, a slender, well-groomed man of forty-three, enters. To look at him you know he is a successful business man, but his hands—long, slender and restless—and a kind of boyish whimsicality in him, betray the artist. He is so engrossed in looking at a Watteau print in his hand, that he pays no attention to Ricky's attempts to announce his engagement. At first, Matey takes the news as a joke, then, seeing that his son is in earnest, he drops his bantering air.

MATEY: Look here, old fellow, this is a little confusing. Would you mind telling me more about it?

RICKY: Why—there isn't a great deal to tell, sir. It's just that we're—very much in love, and want to be married as soon as we possibly can. I figure that if I go to work now, by Spring everything will be rosy.

MATEY: And your architecture goes by the boards, eh?

RICKY: Why should it? I can study evenings, and Sundays, and finally—(*Matey laughs mirthlessly. Ricky is injured.*) Well—I can—

MATEY: I have my own eyes, and the word of your masters at school and college to tell me that you have a considerable gift for building-design. You love your work, and you're unusually well-suited for it. You need technique, and a background—and you need them badly. Three years at the Beaux Arts will give you the best there are—

RICKY: But Ronny—

MATEY: If Ronny won't wait for you there'll be another girl just as charming, later on—

RICKY: Oh, Dad—

MATEY: I want to tell you, son, that the most important thing in a man's life is his work—particularly when he has an equipment such as yours. It's hard to get going; for awhile you need absolute independence—freedom to think only "I-I-I and my work." After marriage that's no longer possible. From then on it's "you and I" *always* with the "you" first, every time. "You and I."

RICKY: I'm afraid it's no use, Father. I've thought it all out, and my mind's made up.

The maid announces Mr. Warren. G. T.

Warren, president of the Warren Soap Company, is a self-made man, a conceited little fellow literally exuding prosperity and good nature. He takes a great fancy to Ricky, who calmly announces that he is going to work for the Warren Co. Matey's expostulations are brushed aside. Ricky and G. T. go upstairs arm in arm discussing business. Later Geoffrey Nichols, popular novelist, an old friend of Matey's and his best man, comes over from a neighboring estate, where he is spending the week-end, to talk over old times with Matey. Nancy leaves the men alone.

MATEY: Geoff—it's been twenty years—at least.



White

Nancy (*Lucile Watson*) realizes that in spite of a happy married life, her husband (*H. B. Warner*) has always regretted giving up his career.

NICHOLS: What different lives we've had.

MATEY: Haven't we!

NICHOLS: (*Reflectively*) And yet at twenty, we were much the same. Twenty the incendiary age, Matey!—I was going to set the world on fire with my novels—your match was a paint-brush.

MATEY: And I gave up painting to marry Nancy Lyon—

NICHOLS: While I forsook sweet Kitty Nash, to wed with an inkpot. A pair of jilts, we two? Well—what do you think of *your* bargain?

MATEY: I've come out the winner, Geoff!

NICHOLS: Matey, as I remember, you showed amazing promise. I've known artists with wives—with children, even. Why in the name of Raphael, didn't you go on with it?

MATEY: Well, you see, Nancy and I married ridiculously young—neither of us rich, but both of us accustomed to a certain standard of living, a regular income became pretty much of a necessity—

NICHOLS: And you put it off. What a shame!

MATEY: Perhaps—I don't know. Sometimes when I look back, and think that I haven't yet done the thing I wanted to do—my forty-three years do seem rather futile and misspent. It's been particularly salty today—my son Rod-

erick, for whom I've expected—Oh, well, it's the old story over again; Expediency's heel on the neck of Inclination.

NICHOLS: Can't you find time to daub a bit on the side?

MATEY: Business life has no side. It's one dimension. If only I could get free of it, for a while—to feel a brush in my hand again—to see a picture grow under my eyes—to create—good God—something other than a cake of soap—

NICHOLS: Forget it, Matey, forget it—

MATEY: I wish to heaven I could!

Geoff leaves Matey much shaken by their talk. Nancy, returning to the library, feels at once the change in her husband's mood.

NANCY: Maitland—as you love me—there's something I want you to do.

MATEY: What is it?

NANCY: Leave business for a year. Get leave of absence, if possible. Otherwise, resign—

MATEY: But—my dear—*why*?

NANCY: Oh—please! Do you think I've had all these years of you—to be fooled by pretense now? I've known for a *long* time that you weren't happy—and why you weren't. But I've *not* known—quite how much it meant to you. I want you to devote the year to painting.

MATEY: You understand—I've very little outside of my salary?

NANCY: Little—but plenty for us. We'll economize in everything—We'll—even be careful about the electric lights.

MATEY: It's no use—the whole thing's too ridiculous, it's absurd.

NANCY: This isn't a whim. If you won't do it for your own happiness, perhaps you will for mine.

MATEY: By Gad, Nanny, you are a brick!

Nancy provides Matey with a model in the beautiful housemaid, Etta, who aspires to be a lady. Ricky, Ronny and Mr. Warren, dressed for dinner, join Nancy and Matey. Cocktails are served. As the guests go out to dinner, Nancy falls behind and begins economizing by turning out the electric lights in the library.

ACT II. Matey's studio. Late the following May. About four in the afternoon. Ricky has been at work for eight months now and this evening at dinner his engagement to Ronny is to be announced. Matey, in smock, is busily putting the finishing touches to his portrait of a lady, posed by Etta, the pretty maid, wearing one of Nancy's gowns. At last Matey throws down his brush. The picture is finished. Nancy hurries upstairs to rejoice with her husband. In the midst of their happy plans for selling the picture, Matey opens his mail, neglected for days, and finds bad news from his broker. Ricky, coming in to consult his mother about his Troubadour costume for the evening, notices his father's depression.

RICKY: What's the matter, old Lad—you look as though a mule had kicked you.

MATEY: *Two* mules, Rick—

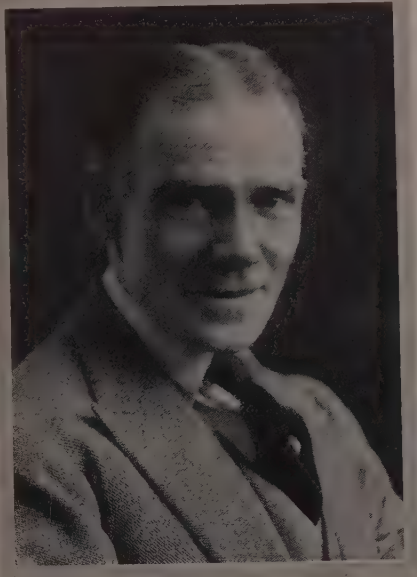
NANCY: Your father has had bad news from his broker.

RICKY: Gosh, Dad—that's a rotten shame. I've got 460 saved up, if that'll help any—



## A. E. ANSON

(Below) This sterling actor gave an admirable performance of melancholy Jacques in the "American National Theatre" production of *As You Like It*, also as the Doge with David Warfield in *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Anson has had a long Shakespearean training in association with Ellen Terry and Sir Beerbohm Tree and was one of the leading members of the short-lived New Theatre Company.



White



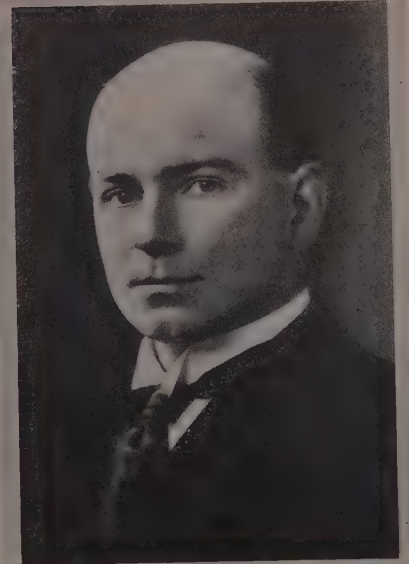
Albin

## HENRY HERBERT

Whose portrayal of the Japanese husband in *Uptown West* proved one of the finest characterizations of the season. Mr. Herbert served a long apprenticeship in Shakespearean rôles with Sir Frank Benson. More recently he was applauded in *The Servant in the House*, *John Ferguson*, and *The Lady of the Lamp*. He is now associated with Mr. Earl Carroll in the Matinee Players, Inc., and during the summer acts the Christ in the California Passion Play.

## MOFFAT JOHNSTON

(Below) One of the main props of the Theatre Guild, and highly praised for his Minister Anderson in *The Devil's Disciple*, this fine actor received his training under Sir Frank Benson, Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson and other well-known English actor-managers. His most recent successes have been as Dr. Hallemeier in *R. U. R.*; the He-Ancient in *Back to Methuselah*, and in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.



Coulsham and Banfield

## ANNE MORRISON

An Indiana girl who, after playing leads in stock in Milwaukee and Washington, D. C., came to Broadway and was featured in such productions as *Why Marry*; *Dear Brutus*, and *The Bat*. Recently she made a hit as a philandering wife in *Within Four Walls*.



Monroe



Packard

## ETHEL WRIGHT

Who puts delicious comedy into the part of Mrs. Corsellis, the clergyman's wife in *The Enchanted Cottage*, began her career with the famous Proctor Stock Company. She has been seen in New York with Charles Hawtrey, Nance O'Neil, Julia Dean and Edith Wynne Matthison.

## IN THE SPOTLIGHT

*Players Whose Recent Brilliant Performances Have Won Broadway's Acclaim*



MATEY: The money for your wedding trip? Thanks, son—but I don't think I'll need it. (*With attempted jocosity*) I may sell my picture over the week-end.

RICKY: Say, Dad, G. T.'s up here with the Thompson's over Sunday. Said he might drop in to see you.

MATEY: I hope he does. Is he still handling most of my work?

RICKY: No—why didn't I tell you? New man came in three weeks ago. Name's Chadwick—

MATEY: (*Sharply*) T. L. Chadwick—

RICKY: Think so. He's famous as the Battle of the Marne—and acts it. He's taken over your job—I thought G. T.'d keep it open for a year, anyway.

AS Matey goes downstairs to dress for town, Ricky is filled with remorse for his tactlessness.

RICKY: I ought to be shot. But after all,

Nancy—I can't say that I blame G. T.—

NANCY: Are you really happy, there?

RICKY: Well—you see it's this way. When I look at the men higher up in the office—men of about forty or so—and realize that that's where I'll land at forty—I don't exactly jump up and down and clap my hands at the prospect. But after all—that's life, isn't it, darling? You get some things, and some things you don't. And I've packed a couple of hearts—full in Ronny and you—

Ronny appears at the top of the stairs. She admires the picture, then turns to Ricky as Nancy leaves them alone. Ricky takes an old book from his pocket.

RICKY: Look here, Beau'ful—I picked this up in a bookstore this noon. Sixteen dollars. It's a first edition of Mossgrave's *Architecture and ye Associated Arts*—published in 1611—illustrated with woodcuts—rare as hell—

RONNY: Should I be impressed?

RICKY: And look at this. Isn't it great? Honestly, if I could design a facade like that, I'd die happy—

Suddenly Ricky realizes that Ronny is not interested. Picking up his guitar, he practices the love ballad he is to sing to her this evening before the guests.

RICKY: And then you press a red, red rose to your lips, and toss it lightly to me, and I catch it in my teeth, or something, and *voilà*—the kitty is out of the bag!

RONNY: And—suppose—instead: I just—turned away—and shut the window, would you be sad and desolate?

RICKY: On the contrary, I should execute a few choice clog steps and sing:

*Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flow'ry meads in May—  
What care I how fair she be  
If she be not so to me?*

RONNY: (*Quietly*) Is that the way you'd really feel—do you think?

RICKY: (*Gaily*) Sure!

RONNY: I'm glad—because I—don't—don't love you, Rick.

RICKY: Too late now, old thing—

RONNY: It's—just this side of—too late—I—mean it, Ricky—

RICKY: Ronny—please find some other way to—ride me. I'm—you're—I—you see, I'm such a fool about you, that I can't—play up to this.

RONNY: It—breaks me into little pieces—but I mean it.

RICKY: Ronny—you—you simply *can't*—I can't believe that you—you've simply got to tell me more about it—

They hear someone coming upstairs and escape into the playroom. Geoffrey Nichols and Nancy come in to look at the picture.



White

Ricky (Geoffrey Kerr) asks Ronny (Frieda Inescourt) if she won't seriously consider his possibilities as a husband.

NANCY: Tell me what you *really* think—

NICHOLS: Well—upon my word, I don't know. It's such an extraordinary fine likeness, I suspect it's not great work. He may be merely—clever with a brush—as I'm clever with a typewriter. Last autumn I did my best to dissuade him. Frankly—how do you think he likes it?

NANCY: Oh, underneath, I think he's been very—I think he's been happier.

NICHOLS: Good. You know apart from my personal interest—to me Matey is Everyman.

NANCY: What do you mean precisely?

NICHOLS: My gardener kept me occupied for twenty minutes this morning telling me what a splendid carpenter he would have made—and means to make still. He's 63.

NANCY: I see. But is it the same?

NICHOLS: Maybe not. Matey's not faltering, is he?

NANCY: No—only a trifle worried. The family budget does it. It's not precisely bulging. And today—poor dear—he's had such upsetting news—Someone at the directors' table said, "Please pass the dividends."

NICHOLS: I wonder if I couldn't—

NANCY: No,—he wouldn't let you.

NICHOLS: Nancy—I've an idea! This portrait—it's really charming. Now, Mrs. Carhart is

having her usual drove of twenty or so up for the week-end. There are certain to be a few wealthy patrons of art among them, and—I'm sure that if I asked her, she'd hang it in her drawing-room. One of them might want to buy it.

NANCY: You darling! Listen. He won't have to know anything about it. He's going into town on the 4.51—coming out again later in the evening—They won't know who did it! You see—it isn't signed! Say it's the work of an unknown painter—a protégé of Matey's—

Matey, ready for town, interrupts their excited plans. Nancy goes downstairs with Geoffrey, and Matey is about to follow when Ricky, looking very blue, comes out of the nursery.

RICKY: Father—you might as well know—it's all off between Ronny and me.

MATEY: What's this?

RICKY: (*With an attempt at a smile*) Over—done—*fini*. We aren't going to be married.

MATEY: But I don't understand—

RICKY: It took me a long while to. It was all—bogus. She wants to see you—don't know why. Please don't—cross-examine her—I think I've asked about all the questions there are—

MATEY: But—tonight—?

RICKY: Too late to call off the dance, of course. We're going right ahead with it—just as if it were an—ordinary party. Be decent to her, won't you? —She's feeling pretty sunk.

HE bolts down the stairs as Ronny comes out of the playroom.

RONNY: Ricky—told you?

MATEY: You don't love him, h'm—?

RONNY: Love him? Oh—if a year ago someone had told me that I'd ever love anyone as I love Rick now, I'd have—(*She cannot go on*).

MATEY: Then I fail to see why you've—

RONNY: I'll tell you why. If I told him, he'd just laugh me out of it. Give me your word no one else shall know—no one at all—

MATEY: Very well—my word.

RONNY: I'm standing between Ricky and the thing he wants to do. That's plain. If I don't marry him, he'll go abroad and study as he should. You know what it means to him. You know he *must* be what he's cut out to be!

MATEY: You're very brave, Ronny, and very fine—but it's useless, because—we can't afford to send him abroad now.

RONNY: Wha-a-at—?

MATEY: My dear—There's been bad news, you see. I've almost nothing, now—not even enough for Nanny and me.

RONNY: Then why don't you go back to business?

MATEY: One has—certain obligations to oneself—you know.

RONNY: I've just taken my heart and (*with a gesture of breaking it between her hands*) done that with it. For him—for my Ricky. And you can stand there talking about yourself. Aren't you his father? Aren't you responsible for him?

MATEY: You are telling me I've—given hostages to Fortune?

(Continued on page 56)





ELEANOR PAINTER

*Whose Charming Personality is Here Depicted in an Alfred Cheney Johnston Portrait*



# C · I · N · E · M · A

Comment on the Leading Pictures and Screen Favorites of the Day

Conducted By QUINN MARTIN

I WRITE about motion pictures, but common honesty demands that I admit at the outset I have no predetermined standard of criticism. There has been nothing presented on the screen so far which seems to me of sufficient excellence or significance on which to establish a dependable basis from which to work. I dislike most films I see, but once in a while I do find one that thrills me. I have had at least two thrills in the last year. I try never to be too enthusiastic about the best I see, and never too tolerant with the worst.

It is probably well known among my newspaper readers that I consider cinema photography to be one of the least ingenious of human pastimes. I would not give one minute of genuine emotional acting such as that of Elsie Ferguson in *Peter Ibbetson* for all the camera stunts of the *Robin Hood* and *Safety Last* type in existence. An actor can get to me every time, but a motion picture camera man seldom finds me applauding.

## NOT A SINGLE TRACK CRITIC

I NEVER said a kind word for a dirty, immoral, sexy or vulgar screen play in my life. The old saying that it is better to produce deliberately vulgar plays than stupid ones is silly stuff, and everybody knows it.

Just one thing more: I often change my mind. I have been known to refer to an actress in pictures one week as "an impossible stick of wood" and then, seeing that same performer the next week, apply the good old "charming" to her with all the sincerity which the term implies. This is the same as a person's taste for certain kinds of food. All my life until a few days ago, string beans meant very little to me. Recently someone served them with a dash of vinegar. Now they're indispensable.

## A CASE IN POINT

IT has been this way with brown-eyed Colleen Moore. Not that string beans and Colleen necessarily have anything in common.

Miss Moore, who, I have learned since, is Irish, has always seemed to be just a pretty little girl who was determined to get along in pictures. There seemed to be nothing much to back her up. But along comes Fanny Hurst's *The Nth Commandment*, and overnight Colleen Moore became a sensation with me. No little girl this year has given a more compelling and understanding performance than that of Miss Moore as the young wife who married the boy she loved, then discovered she was doomed to a life of hard labor in order to support her invalid husband.

After penning a few lines of commendatory design in my journal upon seeing *The Nth Commandment*, a bright green letter with a shamrock at the top of the stationery came in from Los Angeles.

"When I start work now on *The Huntress*, for First National," Miss Moore wrote, "I shall have a new incentive to give a sincere characterization."

The best criticism of the film version of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel which we

to be practiced in the films even though it now and then splashes mud upon an idol's cheek.

Sub-title writers will please refrain from making use of the foregoing line.

## SCARS OF JEALOUSY

SITTING in the Strand Theatre watching Thomas Ince's melodrama of the southern mountain country I had a feeling that it was all a trick to "kid" me rather than a serious attempt to film a drama. It was a display of old-fashioned, cut-and-dried drama that must have made even the players and the directors laugh as they approached its climaxes.

In the background was a tense and threatening family feud of the type so often displayed with an accompaniment of knives and crude guns and horny fists. But in the foreground was the handsome young hick, barefoot in one scene, and charged with a horrible murder, while ten minutes later he sat in the center of a grand living room all dressed up like a Fifth Avenue model, hair oil shooting out little rays of silver into your eye.

This parading of devastating profiles for the young girls to go mad about is the kind of thing which makes me sick 'way down deep. It is the more impossible when it is woven into a picture play which claims for itself sincerity and purpose.

There was not much for me in *Scars of Jealousy*, but it may tickle a lot of young things silly. I only warn that it is not drama.

## WITHIN THE LAW

I MUST confess that my attitude toward Norma Talmadge has changed considerably in the last few months. For years this young woman has been a favorite of thousands. The fact is that almost invariably when I have written a review telling truthfully what I thought of her as an actress (which in many instances has not been too favorable) my mail for the following ten days has been cluttered up with all manner of abuse, ridicule and threat.

To me, Miss Talmadge has been, for the most part, a fairly attractive young woman who was in pictures and couldn't very well get out. The whole family is in them, and furthermore, Miss Talmadge's husband, Joseph Schenck, produces her films. It looked like a case of act or sink.

However!

In *Within the Law* Miss Talmadge gave a performance which not only held me throughout, but made me feel as if I ought to sit down and write Norma a letter saying I guessed I had overlooked something.

The old stage melodrama came to the Strand a vital, living thing, with Miss Talmadge giving as understanding and faithful a characterization of the girl who went after revenge and got it, as anything

(Continued on page 58)



Warren A. Newcombe's new picture *A Sea of Dreams*, in which living beings are used against fantastic highly decorative backgrounds and colossal figures with weird and striking effects.

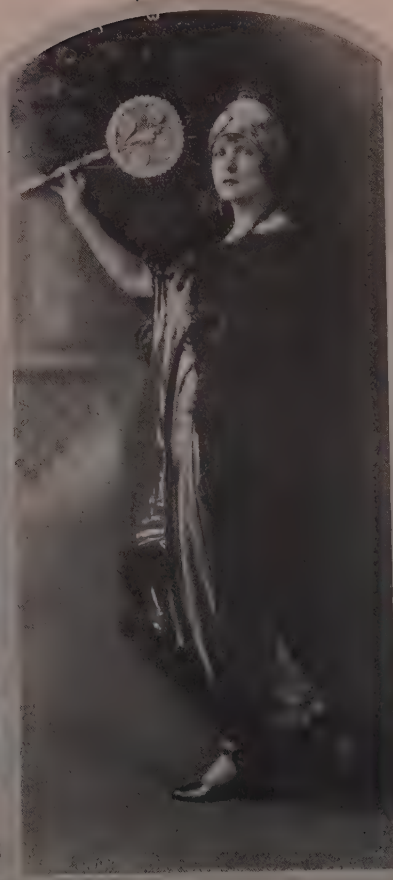
have found was contained in these words: "How Could You, Dorothy!", because the picture was all but ruined by the casting of the impetuous Miss Gish in the rôle of La Clavel, the designing Spanish dancer. Making she-devils out of winking dolls is not an easy business, and no doubt the Inspiration Pictures Corporation, Richard Barthelmess and others who took part in the filming realize it now.

In spite of the apparent uneasiness of Miss Gish in the part, there are many who insist her performance was a masterpiece. One young woman of rather more than average intelligence tells me that "I would be enthusiastic about her if she were cast as a telegraph pole." This is the kind of logic that always has menaced the picture art. Applied common sense ought





Thomas Meighan's \$5,000 a week contract means nothing to the Paramount star so far as insuring him a long summer rest is concerned. Tommy has admitted that the finest vacation he ever had was when he went to the Panama Canal Zone to make exteriors for *The Ne'er Do Well*.



Dr. Kennicott and his wife (Monte Blue and Florence Vidor) leading man and woman in the screen version of Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Main Street*. The Warner brothers, producers, erected a regulation Main Street in Hollywood which is reported to have cost many thousands of dollars.



Perhaps it was because Norma Talmadge forgot for a time that she was a star and just "acted natural" that she made such a fine showing in *Within the Law*. Indeed, she gave the impression that in this stage melodrama which she brought to pictures she was doing some of the best work of her career.

Marion Davies, who got most everybody who saw her in *When Knighthood Was In Flower*, in a scene from her latest picture, *Little Old New York*. The hirsute gentleman is Louis Wolheim, formerly the hairy ape.

## PROMINENT IN THE PASSING FILM SHOW

Screen Favorites Who Are Winning Fresh Laurels in a Run of Unusually Fine Pictures



# M . U . S . I . C

## How Opera Singers Might Spend Their Idle Moments on the Stage—Tyranny of The "Five Minute" Roles

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

**Y**OU remember how Amelia Bingham used to do an act in vaudeville, called *Great Moments in Great Plays*? Perhaps no one has ever thought of doing one called, *Small Moments in Great Operas*. And yet, there are so many of them, delicately suited to an idle summer day's reflection.

It was a pretty Southern matron who spoke to me of music on a shining June afternoon. "What was that involved Russian opera that the Metropolitan Opera Company brought to Atlanta for the first time several seasons ago?" I thought it must have been *Boris Godunoff* in the days before Chaliapin turned it into a pageant. She agreed.

"Well, when that was first given in Atlanta, people went to sleep and snored out loud. Why, there were more persons in the corridors and upon the sidewalks than there were in the seats!"

When I pried into this curious reaction to Moussorgsky's vividly colored work, she finally decided that the plot was too complicated. "Nobody ever yet has explained to me whether Dmitri was really the unsuccessfully murdered son of Boris, or who got the throne in the end. And just when I was interested in those wandering monks at the Inn, I had to take out some new emotions for Boris' daughter, Xenia. Then she walked off, and you never saw her again."

### SOME WASTED EVENINGS

**M**Y own sympathy has always been keen for the singers who must cut into their evenings for the purpose of appearing in exceedingly scant rôles. There is Xenia. All she has to sing is a wavering bit, while she weeps over her deceased fiancé. But she has to prepare for her ten minutes upon the stage. She must be made-up early, be sure that her Russian head-dress is becoming; and if she has soprano nerves, the strain must be something.

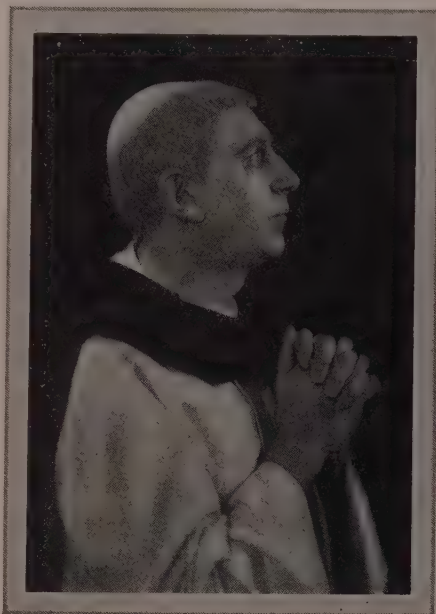
And there is Kate Pinkerton. Her few moments in the garden of Madame Butterfly's house cannot be approached lightly. "I must not eat too much lunch, mamma," she probably says, on the day of the Puccini opera, "because I am singing tonight."

Then there is the worry about her parasol and the question of the kind of sport suit that an American bride would be likely to wear, rambling about Nagasaki. For years, there was a stock Kate, a competent soprano, Helen Mapleson. She went through the changing styles of lingerie frocks and the era of satin skirt with a brilliant silk sweater. Now, Kate is supposed to wear crepe de chine—"just the thing for tennis," as the advertisements seductively suggest.

But what does Mrs. Pinkerton have to sing? Something like "Through no fault of mine, I have caused you pain, Madame Butterfly." That is just about all, if you don't count gestures of pity and the subtle

attitude of a noble wife condoning her husband's previous philandering in Japan.

Regard the wasted evening of the serving-woman in *L'Amore dei Tre Re*. In flowing medieval robes, she waits patiently about the wings for her cue. Is Fiora upon the parapet? Ah, yes. "Now!" whispers the stage director, and out walks Miss Maid. "The master told me to bring you this scarf," she sings, practically all the time on one note and its adjacent quarter one. "Put it there," orders



© Mishkin

### LEON ROTHIER

The well-known basso as Friar Laurent in *Romeo and Juliet*. At the close of the Metropolitan's season, this popular singer will be heard at Ravinia Park, Chicago.

Fiora, with a graceful wave of her arm towards the bench. The casket containing the chiffon is placed upon the near-stone ledge, there is a slow, dignified exit; and the performance is over for the serving-maid—brief, but vital to the plot!

For the last act of *Tosca*, the voice of a merry shepherd is heard off-stage, carolling in the rose-flecked Roman dawn. This invisible rôle has often been given to the lovely Cecil Arden. "Well, you don't have to make up for it, anyway," one of her friends comforted her.

No, but she has to make up her mind for it. One cannot make very good use of the hours from eight to ten P. M., if the feeling of a coming aria to be sung about 10:30 is lurking in the consciousness. She must manage to be on the stage, keep out of everyone's way; and then draw from herself a fine burst of fresh, spontaneous tone. She must make it sound like the voice of an optimistic boy, delighted that it is five o'clock in the morning; and that he can be off to do his herding.

Of course, we are never so sorry for Fricka in *Die Walkure*. She only has one scene, which probably does interrupt her dinner plans; but while she is telling Wotan about his duty in keeping up the domestic standard, she grows tedious about it.

It was more fun when Fricka used to appear in a chariot, drawn by artificial rams. They never worked properly and those who sympathized with Siegmund and Sieglinde's innocent devotion, had the malicious joy of hoping that Fricka would be upset.

Certainly, no one ever regrets that the Wanderer in *Siegfried* has only one scene. He just adds platitude to verbosity and stays in Mime's cave long after he should be about his wandering. Still, it doubtless breaks up his evening, too, since a long white beard and a bad eye take time to adjust.

### THE ART OF DOING NOTHING

**Y**OU often hear opera singers complain that they are so busy that they never get any letters written, nor any bills paid. Why don't they utilize their quiet spaces?

When Scarpia sits at his desk, apparently writing a police permit for Tosca and Mario, everyone knows he is merely scribbling something illegible. He should use those seconds for some literary work.

Raymonde Delaunois, who has become virtually permanent as the young son of Boris, must spend most of a scene using a compass and pencil with the most convincing frown of concentration. She might just as well be designing clothes, or writing home to Belgium.

Violetta, in *La Traviata*, sings much faster than her pen moves. When Amelita Galli-Curci is singing the rôle, I fancy she could be writing testimonials to her vocal teachers. Or she could be composing those demanding references for cold cream and liquid shampoo.

These sound like flippant suggestions. If you insist on something more practical, ask yourself how opera singers spend their time when they are on the stage, doing nothing at all.

What does Cio-Cio-San think about, as she stands silently at the shoji, looking into a moonlit garden and waiting for the overrated Mr. B. F. Pinkerton?

What sort of mental exercise does Fiora take when she lies upon the bier for an entire act? And what thoughts rush to her brain after Archibaldo has strangled her, and she reclines perilously, her head drooping from the narrow bench?

"How soon will Didur (or Mardones) get here?" Fiora is probably wondering. "My neck won't stand this much longer. I hope my chiffon won't catch on something as it did the last time." But she could be working out problems or perfecting her philosophy. Perhaps she will, now that it has been suggested to her by a reviewer who takes these things seriously.



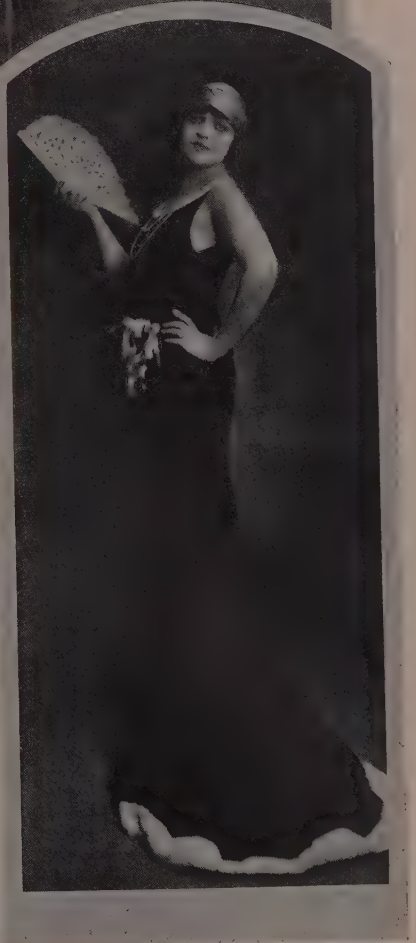


The Lewisohn Stadium at 137th Street, New York, where symphony and popular concerts are given every evening during July and August to help thousands of city dwellers forget the hot summer days.

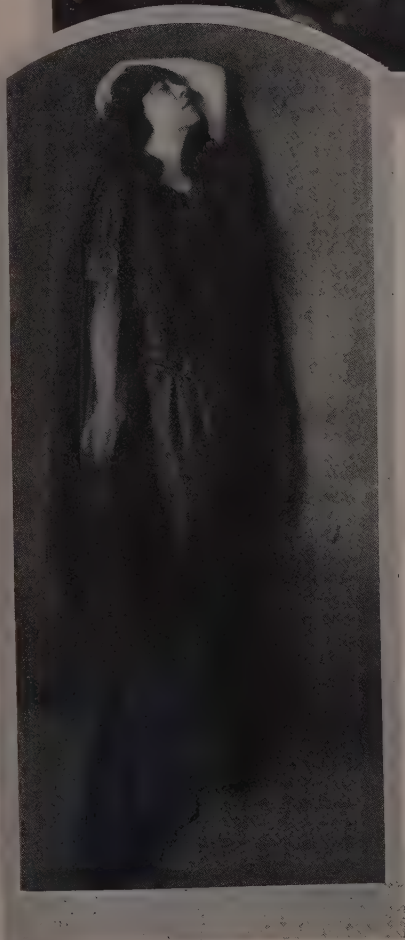
CECIL ARDEN

One of the most beautiful of the younger set in the Metropolitan Company.

© Mishkin



© Mishkin



© Mishkin

MARION TELVA

A young American contralto, whose charm of voice won her new rôles at the Metropolitan.

REINALD WERRENATH

The most versatile and popular baritone who ever made *Danny Deever* and *Duna* famous.



© Kessler

ROSA PONSELLE

Who made a glowing Selinka in *L'Africaine* last season, the tropical fervor of her voice thrilling old subscribers to unaccustomed enthusiasm.

SWEET MUSIC HATH CHARMS

*Summer Concerts and Popular Singers Who Are in the Focus of Public Favor*





© Underwood & Underwood

Three great producers. (Left to right): David Belasco; Constantin Stanislavsky, director of the Moscow Art Theatre; and Maximilian Reinhardt, the German modernist, with Mme. Olga Knipper Chekhova, famous actress and widow of the great Chekhov.



Another Movie Trick. Hot paraffin poured on water spreads out and cools, forming what looks like jagged cakes of ice.



© Keystone View Co.

Channing Pollock, author of *The Fool*, (Right) receiving from Mayor Curley the key to the city of Boston in recognition of his contributions to the American drama.



Royalty joins the Movies. Prince Wilhelm, son of the King of Sweden, discussing his first scenario with director Gustaf Molander (left) and the actor, Nils Ahren.

## HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND

*Personalities and Events Inside The Theatrical Fold*





# Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside  
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



**G**WYNETH GORDON, who played the homely sister with the long nose in the Brady production of *The Enchanted Cottage*, is a niece of Lord Byng of Vimy, the Governor of Canada. It is the young lady's first Broadway venture and, though a bit, the part helped mark her as an oncomer. This is another instance of the gradual encroachment by boys and girls of really fine connection making the stage a career and livelihood. In fairness to Miss Gordon, it might be added that both her homeliness and long nose in the part were the product of industrious and clever makeup.

JACK BOIARDI, when last seen on Broadway, was busy taking steps to put the breath of life into a new stock company at the famous Jefferson Theatre in Portland. At present reading he is no doubt ensconced in the lovely Maine city of cool summers, pulling in tourist shekels.

Talking of Portland, DAVID GRAY is up there rewriting the last act of his *Goodness Knows*, which had an enormously successful road tryout and which will be served to Broadway sometime in September. The play concerns itself with that much abused race, the flapper generation.

## WHY THE "NATIONAL THEATRE" FLOPPED

**W**HEN considered from the standpoint of the energy and talent that went into making it, The "American National" Theatre production of *As You Like It* was the biggest flop in a decade. It sank heavily to its death in a week's time and there were no mourners except the treasurer of the Producing Managers' Association, who had to foot the bills. The gross proceeds of the single week's run in New York scarcely sufficed to pay the stage hands! And from the artistic point of view the critics flayed it alive and included in their flagellations almost everybody connected with the endeavor. If any one thing was responsible for the fiasco it was that, having employed one of the few competent directors in America, the powers that be in the National Theatre chose constantly to interfere with him, his judgment, and his theories. Never should a director, once chosen, have been left more alone. But ROBERT MILTON was interfered with right and left and then cruelly had to accept approbrium for all of the defects of the presentation, including the presence of MARJORIE RAMBEAU as Rosalind, a selection against which Milton constantly registered objection. I understand, from certain quarters, that Milton handed in his resignation as many as four times during rehearsals, but was cheered up each time and urged to go ahead until it was too late to back out.

It is a rather odd coincidence that two days before LAURETTE TAYLOR opened in New York in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, HENRY SAINTSBURY opened at the Drury Lane itself in London in a play called *Ned Kean of Old Drury*. The two plays have nothing in common.

## MOTION PICTURES SEEK ACTORS

**W**HO said the motion picture business was overcrowded with actors?

As a matter of fact, there are so few truly desirable people in the profession that WALLACE BEERY drew a total salary last year for a year and a half's work, due to his frequently having to "double" during productions and contribute his talent to two pictures at the same time.

Speaking of the *As You Like It* gross, calls to mind the uncanny evenness with which theatre receipts run. Insurance mortality tables



had always been something of a miracle to me, but they paled to insignificance when I first began having the privilege of examining box office statements. A play that is a failure, for instance, may have about \$300 on Monday night, \$325 Tuesday night, and \$400 on Wednesday night. Thursday is what is known as a slump night and the box office may hold about \$290. Friday and Saturday nights are the "big nights" during the full season, and the gross intake on those nights might be \$425 and \$600 respectively. The extraordinary thing is that the following week the figures will repeat themselves almost identically, frequently not varying more than five or ten dollars, and in consequence the weekly gross will be almost the same each week until the piece finally closes, which, at those figures, would be soon. For a success,

the parallel is even more extraordinary. By "success" in an average sized house is meant a play which grosses over ten thousand dollars a week, and the house treasurer comes to depend so on the similarity of, let us say, Monday night's intake that if one Monday is as much as twelve dollars below the previous Monday, the man borders on nervous panic in the thought that his show is slipping!

GABRIELLE RAVINE, who made a hit as Elodie in *The Mountebank*, is the wife of George Renavent. They are probably the most talented French couple in America. Mademoiselle Ravine learned English sufficiently well to appear on the American stage in less than six months. I wonder how many American actresses could achieve similar results with French in the Paris theatre?

## A TIGHT FIX

**H**ARK to the sad but amusing story of NAN RAINSFORD, the well-designed Tilly of *The Mountebank*, who was cast in that play by Manager FREDERIC MCKAY when he produced the Locke play for the Frohmans. Miss Rainsford, it appears, was for some time in the chorus of the Shubert musical shows and waved a competent and comely leg. But ambition stirred, and the young lady elected to start about doing more serious things in the drama than merely that. With which creditable intention she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and learned all the inside stuff on Aristophanes and Delsarte. Suddenly—just prior to her graduation from the school—there was dangled before her eyes the prospect of a real part in a legitimate Frohman attraction. She seized the opportunity without asking too many questions and reported for rehearsal. Whereupon, to her astonishment, the stage manager directed her to proceed to the costumers to be measured for a pair of tights! So back she went to tights, did little Miss Rainsford—in her rôle as a bareback rider—tights whiter and higher than ever she had to wear in the gay ranks of the Shubert shows!

Talking of chorus girls, it is not so long ago that a certain famous film star lent her dark charm to the *Melting of Molly* chorus—in town and out and everywhere. She was making twenty-five dollars a week then and glad to get it,—today that just about pays for NITA NALDI'S cigarettes!

## THEATRICAL MANAGERS ARE BORN

**I**T is a strange spectacle to see a sedate New York attorney, who has had practically nothing to do with theatricals, managing the German Opera Company, now touring the States and making a whopping success of the venture. MELVIN DALBERG is the man, and the sole reason why he started at the job was that when some kind hearted client of his engaged to get the German company out of "hock" when it met trouble in Baltimore it was with the understanding that Dalberg would assume the task of parentage. Theatrical managers are born—not made!





not taken this preliminary trip before it. You can't "arrive" in America twice!

That is, you can't arrive twice and get much out of it the second time unless, like Chaliapin, you're ready to wait a few years. And then, too, the great Russian baritone's first trip to the States was practically ignored by press and music lovers alike.

Speaking of REINHARDT and publicity, recalls the story of his initial production in London. It was this same *Miracle* that we are about to see over here (possibly at the New York Hippodrome as its last service to dramatic art before it becomes a hotel!) and it opened in one of London's huge exhibition halls. Opened, I might say to no business whatever, and was losing so many hundred pounds a day that its managers were about to close the production and pocket as small a loss as they might. But to the good fortune of those connected with the enterprise, the wife of Lord Northcliffe chanced to pay it a visit and was so impressed by its beauty and so disturbed by its apparent financial failure that she successfully urged her powerful husband to boom *The Miracle* in his newspapers. This was done. For days the London *Times* carried front page stories and inside columns of a glowing nature concerning the Reinhardt spectacle. Slowly another sort of "miracle" was staged. It soon became almost impossible to buy a seat in the huge hall and only a prior booking finally brought the spectacle to a triumphant close.

#### THE MIRACLE IN THE MOVIES

WHICH reminds me in turn that A. H. WOODS thereupon brought movies of *The Miracle* to the Park Theatre and staged them with trappings and music that were ten years ahead of their time in motion picture presentation. Woods may properly claim to be the forerunner of the ornate sort of picture offering that is common today.

The success of *Anna Christie* in London and the failure of *Merton of the Movies* in the same town is as strange a reversal of expectations as ever I've seen. Hardly a wisacre in the show business but prophesied that the reverse would occur. It might almost lead one to anticipate the London success of Arthur Richman's *Ambush* which is to be done there in August.

Rarely has a first-night catastrophe been more widely commented upon than the barking off-stage during the last act of *The Mountebank* of a dog that was supposed to die during the first act! The smart Lyceum première audience came near to the breaking point when the amusing *faux pas* of the canine actor occurred, and only a realization that the most tense situation of the play might be ruined by prolonged hilarity, restored prompt order. Actually, the wretched animal barked in its sleep back-stage, curled up at the feet of its keeper, who, of course, very nearly expired when the unexpected bark arrived! It had never misbehaved in like manner before—during the six weeks the play had been on the road before coming into New York—and doubtless it never will again. Just a typical bit of first-night hard luck!

#### MANNERS OF LONDON AUDIENCES

THE Lyceum incident above calls to mind that New York audiences are enormously polite. The veriest whisper is scowled down and, at first nights at least, it has come to be the expected thing that at least eight or ten curtain calls will be given at the close of the "big"



act even though every one in the house knows that the piece is a dismal fiasco. In London things are different. There boos are more the rule at first night failures than curtain calls. *Merton of the Movies* was treated to its measure of them, much to the undoubted horror of one of its American co-authors, GEORGE KAUFMAN, who was present. As a matter of fact, the gallery so misbehaved that, con-

science stricken at the close of the play, a deputation was sent to TOM DOUGLAS, the London *Merton*, to beg his pardon. Incidentally, though his play was a flop, Douglas personally received magnificent notices.

MARC CONNELLY, DAVID BURTON, JASCHA HEIFETZ—all these (and more, too) are currently having their fling at Europe, in case you didn't know it.

ERNEST COSSART has signed with the Frohman Company to play a part in the forthcoming Gilbert Miller-Woods production of *Casanova*. I rather fancy he'll play the comedy foil to Lowell Sherman's romantic figure in the piece.



Soon will be along the time when Equity is to endeavor to smash its closed shop plan into effect. Do your theatregoing now! Then there may be no theatre going!

A w.k. chorus girl was much insulted when asked if she were familiar with Shakespeare. "I'm never familiar with any man!" she exclaimed. That recalls the manager who, when told his play had a good clientèle said the trouble was, "they hadn't got no following."

JULIETTE CROSBY is the leading woman of the Marshall Stock Company at the Belasco Theatre in Washington. This presents the interesting spectacle of an authentic society girl playing professionally a stock season in her home town. Miss Crosby's father has, for many years, been a leader of the big traction interests in Washington and more recently held the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson. Diplomatic Washington, with whom Miss Crosby is well acquainted, is said to be taking unusual interest in the proceedings at the Belasco. Which is, of itself a novelty, inasmuch as the diplomats are notoriously disinterested in the American theatre.

#### THE BIRTH OF A STAR

HAS it ever been told, I wonder? The man's name is HARRY McRAE WEBSTER. In 1907 he was director of a stock company playing a summer run in Milwaukee. They were staging a dramatic version of *Carmen*, and Webster wanted to procure two or three little girls as street gamins and dancers. Had it been in New York, one of the agencies would have supplied the want in ten minutes, but as it happened to be Milwaukee, Webster strolled about the streets keeping his eyes open. A hurdy-gurdy was playing a lively air at a street crossing in one of the poor sections of the town. Beside it a wild-haired, olive-eyed little girl was dancing while her playmates watched and approved. There was enough of fire and abandon in the crude art of the child to make Webster stop and watch her. Her tattered dress and smudgy face aroused little expectation that here might be an actress, yet something compelled Webster to go forward and ask her whether she would care to join his company and dance in *Carmen*. Laughingly and eagerly, the child took Webster by the hand and led him to a very humble flat where her mother was at work. In two minutes the deal was consummated. The child was to be given a salary of ten dollars a week, with a promise that if she did well she might be taken to New York. She did so well that her salary has increased since that time to well over one thousand dollars a week. Her name is LENORE ULRIC.

#### LOUIS PARKER'S NEW PLAY

LOUIS N. PARKER, from whom nothing has been heard for a long time, has completed the script of a play called *The Golden Triangle*, a fanciful costume drama laid in the 18th century, which may shortly be produced in America. It is now being seen in Italy, and is said to exceed in quality of dialogue the same author's charming *Pomander Walk*.

Talking of beginnings, as we were a while ago, I wonder how many realize that another of America's fine actresses, ALICE BRADY, began with her ambition centered on the operatic stage. She studied a year in Paris before the dramatic lure called her back and made her threaten her father that if he didn't put her on the stage in a legitimate play she would desert him!







ULA SHARON

*Camera Study by Rabinovitch of Broadway's Youngest and Daintiest Premiere Danseuse, Whose Rhythmic Grace Was a Feature of The Greenwich Village Follies*



# V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

A Review of the New Turns and Novelties in the Two-a-Day

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON



THE hilarious second act of *The Torch-Bearers*, George Kelly's ruthless satire on the little theatre movement, with Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth and the original Broadway cast, is quite the smartest sketch which has been offered in the music halls this season.

It is excellent. The second act of the play reveals the back-stage tribulations of the small-town amateurs in their serious attempt to present a drama for the benefit of the Seamen's Institute. As one of the characters says, "God help the seamen on a night like this!"

It wears the broadest cloth of travesty. The scenes collapse. The props and the prompter are hopelessly befuddled. The juvenile faints. All the actors forget their lines. And through it all moves the magnificent, grand and pompous Mrs. J. Duro Pampanelli, mentor and inspiration of the Drama group.

The fun is rowdy, but the mockery is subtle, and Mrs. Pampanelli's ship of Drama rides to disaster over high waves of comedy. Such a sophisticated playlet, enacted by such fine players, is of far greater value to the halls than all the melancholy Danes and misunderstood damsels turned out by Shakespeare and Edgar Allan Woolf together. The misfortune is that the special engagement of *The Torch-Bearers* has been announced as "limited."

**S**IMULTANEOUSLY with this gay sally of the Misses Boland and Skipworth, another emissary from the legitimate strides into the kingdom of vaudeville. No terms less heroic could indicate the entrance of Howard Kyle, gentleman, cherished member of The Players and the Actors' Fidelity League (bulwarks of thespian conservatism), into the dark dungeons of the Theatre. Mr. Kyle is appearing in a thing so poor, so miserably inept, that were it better handled it would approach sublime burlesque.

*The House at the Cross-roads* is the symbolic title of this opus and the parent is Paul Gerard Smith, author of such delightful incidents as *Lonesome Manor* and miles and miles of wise-cracking sidewalk banter. *The Dover Road*, of Milne, has been his inspiration.

Mr. Kyle, it seems, was so successful with this playlet at a benefit or something for the Anti-Prohibition Society that he was invited to carry the message into variety. There is no paeon to insobriety in the piece, however. It merely hints that even a saint may quaff a snifter.

A thief, a fancy young lady (both unsuccessful indicated by shabby make-up), an eloping wife and her lover (successful,

indicated by a motor car and Bond street haberdashery), take refuge from a storm in the mystic house at the cross-roads. It is deserted, but curiously a table is set for five and a fire is burning.

The distinguished Mr. Kyle, appearing at the doorway in an amber baby-spot, in a sad, sweet speech introduces the men as brother thieves and the women as sister jezebels, a bit of logic as cloudy as the sherry with which he subsequently regales them. The old man's gentle wisdom, however, percolates through the intellects of the sinners, and the thief decides to marry the gal and make an honest woman of her, while the sporting tweeds renounce the faithless wife and take her back to the husband in the city.

The old host of the house at the cross-roads dismisses his guests with a bromide and a beatific smile, and announces "The storm is over," as sunshine streams through the window and the curtain falls.

Mr. Smith's lesson is elusive. Was it the strange sherry or the strange logic which left the ladies foundering on a shoal of sentiment. Or was Mr. Smith warning ambitious young villains to avoid hysterical wives who yell something like "My God, Joe, get me out of here!" every time a window rattles?

Mr. Kyle, on the other hand, plainly displays disrespect for his audiences and disregard for his own standing and dignity as an actor, in lending his name and person to such flighty company as he receives in *The House at the Cross-roads*.

**H**URRAH for Vaudeville! It is the greatest of the amusements because it attracts all the legitimate, opera, burlesque and circus actors out of work. This is the profound idea back of a new tabloid review, *The World of Make-Believe*, an act of typical Sunday-school, cradle-roll department inspiration and execution. Nola St. Claire, the most aggravating, persistently funny comedienne I ever have seen, turns nice handsprings and impersonates the spirit of vaudeville, the fat part in this operetta. Tillis and La Rue, able and entertaining dancers, are the redemption of the act, which is full of crowns and sceptres and symbolism, all the perfect trappings for a grammar school class-day sensation. The costumes are pretty and the mounting lavish. The act is flashy enough to be reckoned as a fairly permanent annoyance.

**T**HE whimsical gods who award the gifts of entertainment have been good to Gracie Deagon. Whether it is the result of "hard work and study," as the moving pictures have it, or a flair of curious genius, this silly, stupid little girl is a sheer delight. It is difficult to imagine a neater piece of characterization. Miss Deagon plays a child of eight, an age of sublime serenity, and she is half shy, half

assured, sweet, but not awfully smart. She is the child, you will remember, who bursts into tears when father is mentioned, and then explains that "Papa got so tough we had to kill him." A little girl as authentic and as lovable as Frances White or Irene Franklin and far more interesting and individual, we think that Gracie Deagon is an entertainer whose finish and charm place her miles ahead of the horde of child impersonators, harmonizing mature and often smutty blues, which infests the two-a-day. She has returned to vaudeville with a new partner, Jack Mack, a patient and amusing victim of the infant pest.



**W**HAT church choir or ladies' choral club has cast adrift into the artistically hazardous seas of vaudeville the Misses Leonhard and Holt? Both these young women know how to use the voices with which they have been blessed, and neither plays the ukelele. Their songs are popular, but not low, and their interpretations are sympathetic, but not undignified. Such singers are an acquisition to vaudeville, where voices are invariably as tight as lodge-members on parade-day.

Rae Samuels, "The blue streak of vaudeville," waving her arms and yelling herself blue in the face, may knock the audience off their seats with enthusiasm, but there is comfort in the occasional *finesse* to triumph over the despair in the common raw.

**N**O mindreaders, clairvoyants, hypnotists or illusionists could demonstrate more convincingly than the irrepressible Messrs. Olsen and Johnson the force of simple mental suggestion. These demons are hell-bent on making an audience think they're funny, and they do it by making a great show of thinking they're funny themselves. They laugh so heartily and infectiously at their own boisterous foolishness, what can an audience do? Theatres are not filled with aggregations of Professor Einsteins.

Nevertheless, in the interests of science and psychology, the truth must out. Messrs. Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, "Likable Lads Loaded with Laughs," are a couple of completely unfunny young fellows. They have been such a success on the circuit this season that I waited at the Palace until the final quip (at 11:30) in their act and afterpiece to discover, if possible, why. And I was given no clew more tangible than this sally from Mr. Johnson, arrayed in lavender pajamas, "Ask me who I am." The answer was "Sparkplug". A lifelong study of Comedy North of 50 degrees Latitude permits me to locate this business in that region.



(Below)

Margaret Quimby, the gay little song and dance soubrette who adds pep and prettiness to George Moore's girly Revue.



(Below)

George Rath, senior partner of the celebrated team of Rath Brothers, who have, with the power and beauty of their performance, restored to the acrobatic something of its classic dignity.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Maryon Vadie continues to delight followers of vaudeville with her slim beauty and exquisite grace.

Victor Georg



Earl Broady

Chic Sale encroaches upon a beauty page, because there is very real beauty in the comedy which he achieves in his Sunday school entertainment.



Lucille Ballentine, a dancer of exceptional charm and poise, permits the camera to drop this hint of her technical skill.

Richard Burke

## VARIETY'S YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Performers Who Lend a Never-Ceasing Charm and Piquancy to the Music Halls



# THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



## Roosevelt High School Presents "Sherwood"

*Sherwood*, which has been staged outdoors many times, by schools and colleges, was given an unusually beautiful indoor production by the Roosevelt High School, Seattle, Washington, where the students worked out and executed the settings and lighting, under faculty direction. For the costumes, unbleached muslin and cotton flannel, dyed in a variety of colors, were used to give the effect of heavy fabrics, on which embroidery was ingeniously simulated with kalsomine and gold paint, while the chain mail of the knights was nothing more than burlap burnished over with aluminum paint! The scenes shown here are (top) *Sherwood Forest*; *The Priory* (center), set with gray flannel curtains, with a center drop of tarlton; *Fitzwalter's Castle* (bottom). This presentation is an interesting, and at the same time, striking example of the strides the present day schools are making in play production, at relatively small expense.





Photo C. P. Nelson, Summerland, B. C.

*The Temptation in the Wilderness, from the Passion Play, Victory in Defeat, produced by the Canadian Players at their Home Theatre, Naramata, B. C.*

# Carroll Aikins and the Canadian Players

*The Story of a Model Theatre on a British Columbian Ranch*

By T. M. VESEY

AT the present intermediate stage of Canada's cultural expansion, pioneers of the arts have as important a function to perform as had the trail-breakers of earlier times. The subject of this article—the creator of the Home Theatre at Naramata, B. C.—is none the less a pioneer because he has dedicated his labors to the highly sophisticated art of dramatic interpretation. Carroll Aikins, at thirty-three years of age, is a man with a fixed and passionate belief in the seriousness of art and in its lasting value to the life of the community. His faith verges on the fanatical; there is no other word adequate to describe the whole-heartedness with which he has flung himself into the Home Theatre project, nor could an allegiance less burning than that of the pure zealot have enlisted such ardent support and sympathy from those he has gathered around him in the venture.

In that unique experimental theatre above the packing house of his fruit ranch by the lovely shore of Lake Okanagan he and the handful of enthusiasts who have assembled in that remote region—young people who have journeyed thither from such widely diverse points as Winnipeg and Vancouver, Calgary and Montreal, London and Edmonton, Hamilton and Ottawa—work as hard as many day laborers, and feel themselves well rewarded in having helped, in however subordinate a capacity, in the presentation of a worth while piece of living dramatic art. To the attainment of such fleeting glimpses of austere, authentic beauty in dramatic representation Carroll Aikins has devoted sometimes sixteen arduous hours a day, in the theatre, in a sustained effort to catch and hold an effect striven after; and he has worked his actors, without a murmur of protest from them, in a fashion that would be described, were it followed by a manufacturer of prosaic articles of commerce, as

ruthless. Far from grumbling, these students regard themselves as highly privileged. They become willing captives of an ideal, placing themselves, of their own volition, under the exacting command of the interpreter of it.

## THE FARM PRODUCES A THEATRE

IN his early years Carroll Aikins visited Europe, putting in several years there; and this opportunity of coming into close contact with and assimilating the culture of the older lands undoubtedly acted as the determining influence in his ultimate choice of a career. In his own opinion, his sojourns on the other side of the Atlantic have also been of well-nigh incalculable benefit to him in the work he has devoted himself to in his homeland.

How often does the search for health become a factor in the destiny that shapes men's ends? It was largely in quest of it that Aikins decided to try farming in the West. That was over thirteen years ago, and the decision marked the first step toward realization of the Home Theatre project. He purchased the Naramata ranch, where today are to be found the Canadian Players, in 1909, when it was a totally undeveloped subdivision. Ever since then he has been closely identified with the opening up and growth of the Southern Okanagan, and he is still a busy fruit farmer in addition to his other activities. The fact that he has successfully grafted a model theatre and school of dramatic art (where the tuition is free) upon an establishment for the production of the fruits of the earth, finding material in both equally useful in either, is itself a striking illustration of his original adaptive faculty.

## ENGLAND SAW HIS FIRST PLAY

IT was in 1915 that Carroll Aikins started writing plays. The quest after adequate expression, which had taken him

previously into the literary field, both prose and poetic, rendered this further development practically inevitable. Indeed, an unmistakable tendency toward the dramatic form characterized what earlier writing he did. However, with commendable diffidence and restraint, he regarded his first essays in dramatic composition as purely experimental, and no effort was made to produce them on the stage. It was not, in fact, until as recently as 1918 that he wrote a play which he considered worthy of being acted. But with the completion of *The God of Gods*, he felt that this phase of his progress in the art had been reached; and this personal judgment received the prompt corroboration of the Birmingham Repertory Company, the members of which are doing perhaps the most consistent and useful work for the drama that is being carried on in England at the present time, and who have a well-equipped model theatre.

They successfully produced *The God of Gods* in November, 1919, repeating the presentation in the spring of the following year. On this latter occasion the piece was presented in a more favorable setting than on the initial showing, special scenery having meantime been designed for it by that gifted artist, Lovatt Fraser.

Everything worked, whether apparently or not at the moment, toward the attainment of the one end. It was the impossibility of attending the rehearsals in England of this, his first acted play, that brought home most forcibly to the author the need—though he had for long, in a less acute fashion, been conscious of it—of practical experience in the producing and acting end, the more strictly professional phase, of theatric art. So with the presentation, which he could not see, of *The God of Gods*, Aikins decided to set himself to work at remedying the

(To be concluded next month)



# The Amateur's

# Green Room



## THE SNARKS

A DECIDEDLY unique group, and one that has made not the slightest bid for publicity, the Snarks of New York City have been quietly producing plays of distinction annually, for the past fifteen years.

The Snarks' membership is made up of a group of intellectuals—women who love the Theatre, and who act, and produce plays for the joy of accomplishment and dramatic expression. They essay only one play each year, but it is always a play of distinction, stamped with the originality of The Snarks. During their fifteen years of existence they have numbered among their play-producing ventures, the three-act comedy, *Grains of Sand; Possession*, by Laurence Housemen; *The Tinker's Wedding*, by J. M. Synge; *No Smoking* by Benavente, and *The Bridal Veil*, a musical pantomime by Austin Strong.

For their fourteenth annual performance they presented *Gods of Jade*, a musical fantasy by Philip Kobbé, suggested by *The Gods of the Mountain*. Dunsany's plot presented an opportunity for colorful sets and costumes to which The Snarks brought all the artistry and tricks of stagecraft which characterize their productions.

It's an interesting group—The Snarks—one that stands out in its progressiveness and enterprise, and it draws on the finest talent in New York. In fact, a bid to appear in one of the Snarks' plays, or to witness their performance, is at once a tribute and privilege.

## THE THRESHOLD THEATRE

THE Threshold Theatre of New York has been running an interesting season of plays of unusual literary distinction; Booth Tarkington's *Beauty and the Jacobin*, Yeat's *Land of Heart's Desire*, Laurence Housemen's *Possession*, Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Anna Hempstead Branch's *The Shoes That Danced*, among them. These plays were selected by a committee of The English Teachers' Association of New York City, which also made itself responsible for assembling the daily matinee audiences, composed of children of high school age, for the nine weeks covered by this special season.

The Threshold Players were able to take on this unusually heavy burden of two performances a day for this period, by reason of the peculiar organization. The Stock Company is attached to The School

of the Theatre, on the same premises, and the entrants are not permitted to appear in the plays until they have gone through a preliminary training, sufficient to insure poise, ease and good diction, unless they have been fortunate enough to acquire these elsewhere.

The School and Theatre, which are only in their second season, have now grown in such proportions that the plays can be cast in duplicate, alternate casts appearing at alternate matinees and nights, thus giving all the competent players an opportunity to appear in each bill, if the casts are long enough—otherwise in alternate bills.

During the past season many new authors have been brought to light at the Playhouse, and the more distinguished authors, realizing the aims and ideals of the organization, have generously remitted the royalties on plays of literary merit, which otherwise could not have been presented.

The School and Theatre are in operation throughout the year and this year there will be a Special Normal course of six weeks, commencing July 2nd, to meet the requirements of teachers and others interested in high school, amateur and little theatre production and organization.



## THE SNARKS PRESENT GODS OF JADE

The inventive Snarks gave Philip Kobbé's operetta, *Gods of Jade*, this picturesque setting, fashioning the numerous properties necessary for a faithful portrayal of the manners and customs of ancient times in Busorah, 1923 B. C., the locale of the play.



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As Interpreted by  
the Actress

IF there is one thing more than another, these busy days, that appeals to our fancy, it is a frock that suggests a number of uses, or rather *suitabilities*—a frock, for instance, *au fait* for shopping or traveling, yet also dressy enough for restaurant tea, or informal summer evening dining. Lilyan Tashman, in *Barnum Was Right*, has been wearing a frock, pictured here, that answers to such specifications. Of Persian printed silk in which the dark red tones predominate, it has its accordion pleated skirt attached to a long-waisted bodice of plain dark red silk that shows in front as a vest. Over this there is a full-sleeved jacket tying at the neck and held in around the hips by a wide band of the material that buttons directly in front with small red buttons. A turban in matching silk and a choker necklace of red amber beads are splendid finishing touches to the costume, which is a creation of Stein & Blaine.



THE NEW BATHING  
SUITS MAKE BATHING  
EASY FOR WEARER  
AND ONLOOKER



Suits from B. Altman & Co.

Posed by Gilda Gray

of the Ziegfeld Follies

A magpie combination is as effective in a bathing suit as anywhere else, it seems, and black and white silk was chosen for this one with a bandana to match and a cape of cravenetted material. For good measure there is a black and white doll concealing a bag in which to carry one's suit.

Ira Hill

White Studios



Unusual and unusually becoming, especially to a blonde bob, is a suit of heavy knitted jersey cloth, with its knickers attached, embroidered in white and a bright King blue. The bathing cape which smacks chieflly of French bathing beaches is of a canvas cloth striped in yellows and browns and purples.



French in spirit also is a pale grey silk suit batiked in rose and reds and worn over gay cherry colored silk bloomers. And as the designers of bathing suits these days think of everything there is a matching batiked bandana to tie around the hair. The bathing slippers are of black satin, ribbon-laced.



Posed by Edith King

Designs from Hollander

To bring out the slenderness of a slender lady and make one less slender look more so is this straight line frock of pleats and corn-colored crepe de Chine. It is accompanied by a cape of the same material, distinguished by an original neckline.



Francis Bruguière



(Above) Towards the creation of a toppy little street suit goes dark blue piquette, with an Eton jacket that is made in one with a sheer blouse of red and blue crepe, trimmed in tiny red buttons.



(Right) Eponge makes one of the most practical and coolest of summer frocks and a sand-colored eponge with a self-colored stripe fashions a summer two-piece suit that is exceedingly smart and practical.



# THE PROMENADE OF ANGELINA

*She is introduced to a phase of Serbia and ingratiating touches of cigarette etiquette*

HAVEMAN-25

PEOPLE sometimes ask me how I can stand staying in America summer after summer . . . especially as I have so many chances to slip across to the other side . . . Father, for instance, goes over once a year at least, and each time he urges me to come along . . . But there is my work that I hate to leave . . . and all my jolly friends . . . and something seems always to be arranged for the next week and the week after that I just can't miss . . . Then one meets so many nice foreigners over here . . . and besides, as Tubby says . . . there's one's life in the foreign restaurants of New York . . . so much nicer and easier to hop into a taxi and go from France to Russia or from China to Italy in twenty minutes than to suffer the discomfort of European travel including passport complications.

Lately we've been going to the Serbians . . . Tubby discovered a funny, wild Serbian restaurant over on the West side that no one but he would ever have chanced on . . . or having chanced on would have been able to recognize at once for its peculiar exotic flavor and merits. There are only two or three people among his acquaintances that he'd dare convoy there, he told me, it so demands a unique brand of appreciation . . . and even thus needs some demonstration . . . Practically no one goes there but Serbians, with an occasional guest from another Balkan state . . . a stray Roumanian . . . or Bulgarian . . .

Tubby goes down there specially for two reasons . . . for the quiet, and for the delicious Turkish coffee they cook you up in the real little brass Turkish pots. When we're out somewhere and we're a bit tired and the noise of everyone screaming in mad gaiety around us gets on our nerves, Tubby says, "Let's get out of this and go down to the Serbians where we can talk." Arrived, we find it as quiet as a pin . . . a big barn-like sort of room with just men sitting round playing cards, or smoking and conversing in low musical Serbian voices . . . Tubby and I, fresh from the contaminating influence of Broadway have to be careful how we pitch our voices lest we disturb the *habitués* . . . Tubby thinks I don't actually like the place . . . it's so different from everything I'm accustomed to . . . but that's just why I do. And then . . . an added asset . . . there's absolutely no feminine competition. I'm the only lady ever present . . . So restful!

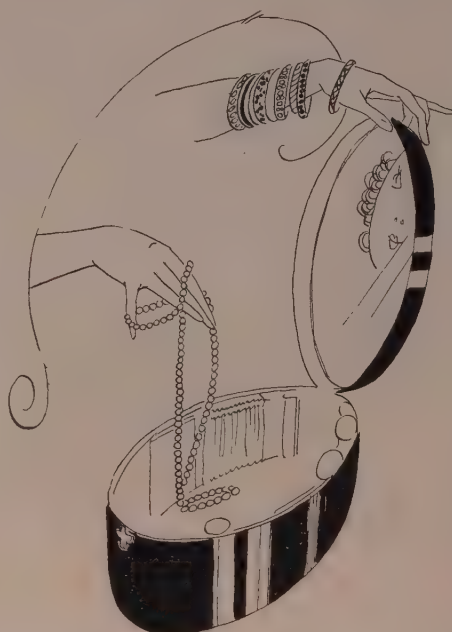
Besides, Serbians are very attractive. Funny how little we know about them over here as individuals . . . Or rather it isn't. They're very clannish . . . like to club around among themselves. But they're really a most intelligent race . . . instinctively so, even where uneducated . . . with

a distinct personal charm . . . and a keen sense of humor. Astounding how quickly they "get you"—though they may be rather shy on the language—when it's a matter of humor. Tubby and I sit around and talk to them by the hour and they're always quaint and piquant and interesting.



The perfect, or Serbian way, of presenting cigarettes to a lady, which Tubby says is not new, but which Angelina says should be universal.

They're good-looking creatures, too . . . some of them . . . One in especial, on whom Tubby insists I have one of my "well-known facile" crushes . . . If I had it would be only logical as he looks so extraordinarily like David Powell. But he is attractive . . . tall and very straight . . . He came over here during the war with the Serbian Mission and I can imagine how stunning he must have looked in his uniform . . . And he walks better than any man I've ever seen . . . like the race of tigers and cats . . . You know



We can prophesy the continuance of one fashion for some time, and that is the acquisition of a band of bracelets, the more the merrier. Gilda Gray's collection grows apace . . . She is carrying these days this smart Morocco vanity case with gold stoppered bottles.

how Elinor Glynn and other romantic writers are always telling you about the rhythmic panther-like walk of their noble heroes . . . Try and find one, I've said to myself sceptically . . . but I have at last . . . Tubby agrees with me too . . .

This particular Serbian has such engaging tricks with cigarettes also . . . Tubby disagrees with me here, and gets a little peevish. He says they're nothing new, the tricks . . . They may not be new, I retort, but I've been round about the world a bit and I'd hardly call them universal . . . and they should be. I'll never be satisfied, for example, with any other way of having a box of cigarettes offered me, except . . . Well, this way . . . "as illustrated" . . . You take the box and as you break the outside paper you gaze ardently at the lady for whom you have ordered it . . . Then opening the box and placing it on the table, you pull either end of the tinfoil wrapping so that the cigarettes are elevated from their nest, the center one of which in particular you select and raise above its *confrères*, so that only the merest shade of energy need be expended by the lady . . . Finally, still holding her gaze intensely with your dark Valentino eyes, you strike a match for her, tempering its flare with a breath, half puff, half sigh from the heart . . . Ah, *délicieux!* . . . There is other ritual to this cigarette etiquette, but I want to tell you about Gilda Gray and her bracelets . . .

I saw them at the White Studios over on 42nd Street, where Miss Gray was posing one afternoon . . . A jolly place the White Studios, by the way, to drop into . . . like the Harriman Bank, you're always seeing real celebrities there . . . And the small *intime* reception room has the most comfortable squishy divan and the most becoming light in town . . . just the sort of soothing atmosphere conducive to a proper poise for having one's photograph taken . . .

The afternoon I was there, alternating with Miss Gray was a bunch of young "flaps" from the George White *Scandals* . . . merry, full of "pep," chattering like sparrows . . . Great fun to watch! Miss Gray was in an enchanting summer-day frock, beige pleated crepe skirt, blouse of net and baby Irish, short box jacket of lime-green silk duvetyn, with a line of white silk soutache on cuffs and collar. On her left wrist were her famous sheaf of bracelets . . . single rows of diamonds, of emeralds, of rubies, of sapphires . . . or combinations of diamonds with each of these stones in different patterns . . . perfectly stunning . . . They say Miss Gray can claim the distinction of having the largest collection on the stage.



# LES POUDRES DE COTY PARIS

*The ravishing allure of lovely skin, the irresistible charm of radiantly glowing flesh tones, or those of classic ivory pallor—it is the COTY Face Powder which imparts this idealizing beauty to every woman—it adds still greater charm to the loveliest faces. COTY Talc Powder, its exquisite complement, is the supreme toilette powder of lingering perfume.*



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COTY FACE POWDER IN EIGHT TRUE SHADES,





*Left:* A smart get-up for semi formal wear, short, dark grey oxford coat, white double-breasted pique waistcoat and light grey tweed trousers.



*Right:* Something brand new in the way of beach robes made of grey turkish toweling modeled after the Polo coat and known as the Polo robe.

## Hints for the Summer Vacationist

By QUILLER

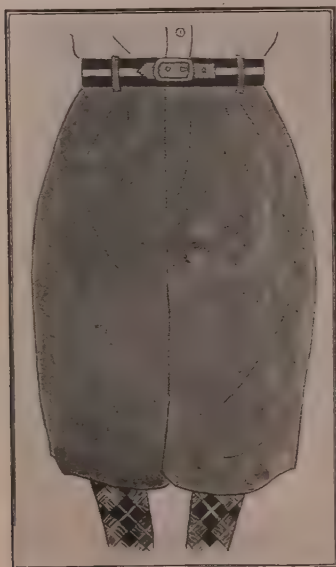
**W**HETHER it's a fishing trip in Maine or a canoe trip up the river every man gets a sort of thrill out of preparing for the one big event of the year—his vacation. The time is at hand,

so this month we took a little trip through the more important shops and sketched some of the outstanding features in the way of styles and accessories that will be observed throughout the season, being worn by well dressed men.

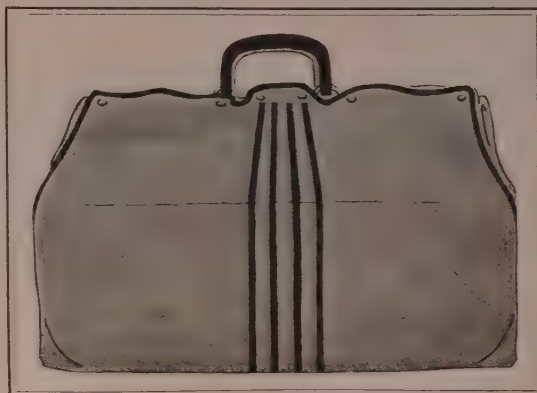
The costume pictured above, although decidedly English, is often the choice of the younger men for semi formal affairs. The coat is cut rather short with a full roll to the lapel. The double breasted waistcoat is particularly smart at this time

and especially so, when worn with this outfit. The waistcoat in the sketch happens to be white pique, but grey or buff linen are sometimes worn. The trousers are

*(Concluded on page 62)*



The new plus-four knickerbockers made in flannel, homespun and linen. Price \$8.50 and up. English sport belt \$3.00.



A brown canvas slip cover for the kit bag, marked with four red bands. All luggage should be distinctly marked with the colors of your personal choice. Price of slip cover marked, \$15.00.



A popular bathing shirt in all combinations of colors can be worn with white or blue flannel trunks. Price of shirt, \$6.00. Trunks, \$5.00. English belt, \$3.00.



December 15th, 1922

A. S. HINDS COMPANY  
PORTLAND, MAINE

Gentlemen:

In outdoor work I depend entirely on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to keep my hands soft and in condition. I have lately learned that this is also useful to soften the cuticle when polishing the nails and that it preserves the luster.

May more learn to use it.

Sincerely,

(Signed) EVA NOVAK

MISS EVA NOVAK  
—a young and fascinating  
film star acquiring promi-  
nence and success with a  
very promising future.

## *A Lovely Complexion in All Climates*

AT every fashionable resort in America women of beauty and refinement depend upon this delightful facial preparation to keep the skin soft, clear and attractive. They have absolute confidence in its merits, based upon years of gratifying results.

And yet there are some women who have been using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on the hands and arms but do not realize how delightfully beneficial it is for the complexion. The same distinctive qualities that soothe and heal windburn and sunburn will keep the skin of the face and neck soft, clear and refreshed, thus enhancing the charm of natural skin beauty. It is fragrant and refining.

All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and \$1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c; jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a sample Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing sample 2c, trial tube 4c.



A. S. HINDS CO. Dept. 32 PORTLAND, MAINE



Interior view of Packard Single Six Coupé, showing details of upholstery and compact design. The rear seat is of full width, comfortably seating three.



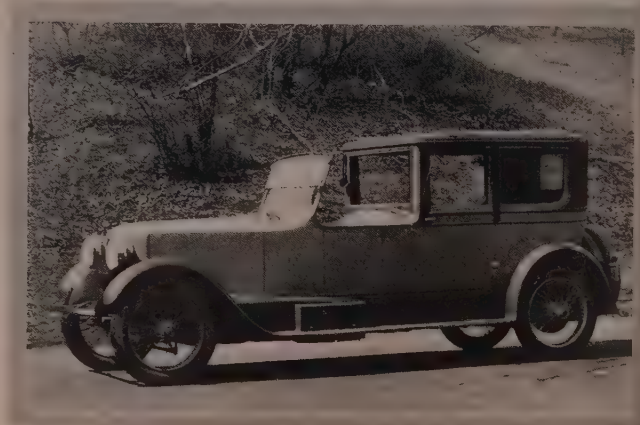
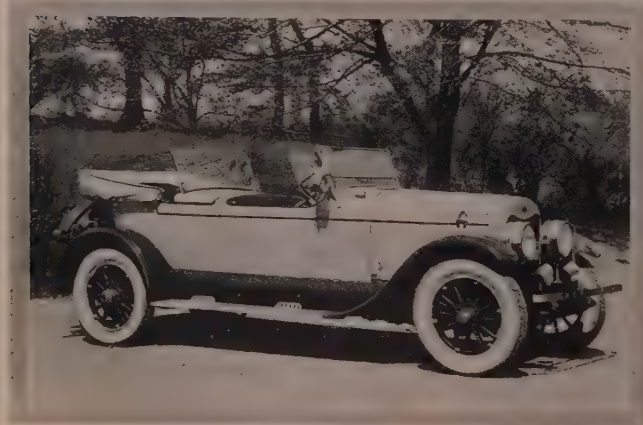
A view of the Packard Single Six, Five-passenger Coupé, one of the smartest and practicable productions in their entire line. Upholstered in selected fabric, of neutral shade, smartly tailored, with a well-designed luggage trunk adding a sports touch.



This is a Roamer Landaulette built by H. R. Chupurdy. It is a symphony in harmonious tones and represents the ultimate in luxurious appointments. Upholstered in gray broadcloth, all the interior trimmings are of solid silver.

A striking creation, the car painted light gray, with molding and running gear in emerald green. The tonneau-apron and shield protect those in the tonneau; the dash and wind-shield, those in the front seat. LeBaron is the designer of this Four-passenger Sport Model on a Lincoln chassis.

One of the most expensive cars in the world—Austrian Daimler—mounting a Fleetwood Limousine Brougham body. The motorist enjoys a practically unobstructed view, seldom found in closed cars. The design carries the Fleetwood's famous stream-line to the extreme point of the radiator.



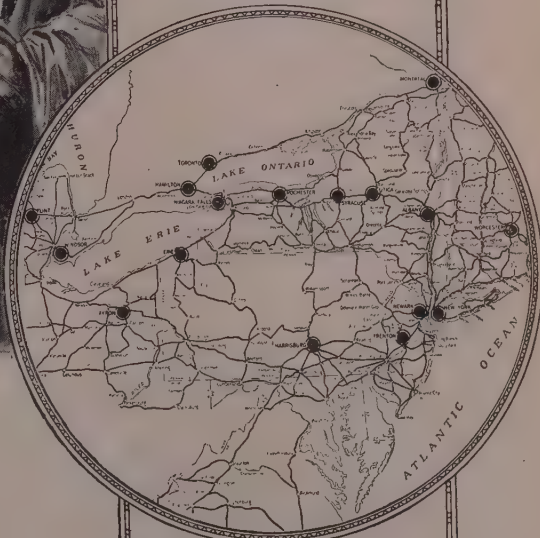
## DISTINCTIVE TYPES OF COACHWORK

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**W**HEN you have left a hundred or more miles behind you and arrive in a strange city, what reception is awaiting you?

Will your hotel be impersonal and uninviting—or will it receive you in a genuine spirit of hospitality?

There are a score or so of cities in this country and Canada which you can enter with a feeling of confidence—the sure anticipation of comfort, rest and delicious food at the end of your trip.

They are listed here—hotels you will be reluctant to leave, and anxious to visit again. Here you will find comfort and luxury without extravagance.

Just fill out and mail the coupon and we will send you our Tour Booklet, which will be of assistance to you in planning your motor route to best advantage.

It takes only a moment to clip and mail the coupon; and it may result in adding many fold to your vacation's enjoyment.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me your Automobile Tour Booklet. It is understood that this does not put me under the least obligation to you

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T. M.—7-23



(Concluded from page 32)



## Pleasure Seekers are Comfort Lovers, Too

WHILE the "play" undoubtedly is the thing, it cannot be enjoyed, no matter how good, if the personal comfort of each patron is not satisfied.

Not only do patrons decide in favor of the most comfortable and pleasant surroundings but are becoming educated to seek and prefer the theatre which shows this consideration for their comfort. Two hours or more in one position calls for good theatre chairs offering complete relaxation.

Theatre chairs, unlike household or office furniture, must be specially planned for and actually built into your theatre. It requires engineering knowledge and experience as well as designing and manufacturing skill. This means time, thought, and personal attention, not only on the part of one man, but of many, all working together.

No obligation is incurred in making inquiries regarding your seating, so why neglect this matter so vitally important to your theatre's success and profit?

Time taken by the forelock in July is much better than grabbed by the coat-tails in September.

# American Seating Company

NEW YORK  
117 W. 40th Street

BOSTON  
79-D Canal Street

CHICAGO  
18 E. Jackson Blvd  
PHILADELPHIA  
250-P S. Broad Street

RONNY: I don't know anything about "hostages". I just know that there's something big in Ricky, that's got to come out. You can help him—and because you *can* you *must*. He's your son—you've let yourself in for it.

Blinded with tears, she starts down as Nancy appears at the top of the stairs. She notices the girl's perturbation. —

NANCY: Matey—what is it—?

MATEY: (*Grimly*) A joke on me—one of Fate's funniest—

Act III. Matey's studio. The same evening. Shortly after nine. Nancy and Geoffrey, wearing fancy costumes for the dance, are stealing into the house with the painting which has been on exhibition at Mrs. Carhart's. They are highly excited, for Mrs. Carhart has phoned that she has a prospective buyer who will be over this evening. Nancy and Geoffrey go over the list of guests and decide hopefully that it may be Kendall, a wealthy art patron, or perhaps the Ewings. This would mean a showing in the November Loan Exhibition and fame for Matey. Matey, tired and discouraged from an unsuccessful trip, comes in. At first he will not believe the good news, but when Geoff has convinced him, his hopes soar. He sees himself famous—his ambitions gratified. In his enthusiasm, he is about to sign the picture, but Nancy advises waiting until the cheque is in their hands.

Ronny enters.

RONNY: (*To Nancy*) I hadn't a chance at dinner—I wanted to be sure that—you weren't hating me too much—

NANCY: I'm afraid I am very old-fashioned. Forgive me—but I find it difficult to regard jilting with anything but—distaste.

MATEY: Ronny—?

RONNY: All right—only Ricky mustn't know.

MATEY: Ronny told me something this afternoon. She told me a number of things. One of them was the motive for what she has done. She loves him very much. Rightly or wrongly, she felt that she was keeping him from the thing—from a perhaps notable career. So she broke her engagement and gave him a trumped up reason for it.

NANCY: *She could do that?*—When I—? Oh—Ronny—you make me feel very little. You are doing something that I, years ago, hadn't the courage to do.

RONNY: Oh—it's not all the same, you know.

NANCY: It's doubtful now, whether we *could* send Ricky abroad—even if he would consent to go. And it may be that you and your love could mean—

MATEY: —could mean—much more than anything else could—with them.

Matey tells her that a possibility of selling his painting has arisen and its success will probably open a profitable future, so that Ricky may be able to go abroad and study after Ronny turns to go as they hear Geoffrey coming upstairs with G. T. Warren. Not knowing of the broken engagement, Warren congratulates Ronny. As soon as she can the girl escapes. Matey welcomes G. T. and asks if he had heard any comment about the Carhart's from Ewing or Kendall relative to the picture of his supposed protegee. Warren says these fellows made him tired the way they pulled the picture to pieces, when he himself found it had a lot of human interest and appeal—enough at least to pay \$4,000 for it.

MATEY: You say—Kendall and Ewing and the others—didn't think so much of it?

WARREN: Bah—they make me sick.

MATEY: (*Very softly*) They make me—a little sick—

Warren reveals the fact that the picture will be used to advertise the Warren line and suggests that Matey come back and run the promotion for him.

After the others have gone, Matey and Nancy are left alone. The former is thoroughly disillusioned as to his art and decides to go back to his job. He calls in Rickey and tells him his grandfather left him a secret legacy which he was to come into on his twenty-first birthday but which the executors would allow him to have now—enough to take he and Ronny to Italy to study.

Ricky looks at him searchingly, then turns and rushes downstairs.

NANCY: His grandfather did nothing of the sort.

MATEY: I know he didn't. But he wouldn't have taken it from me—not for both of them.

NANCY: Are you certain—you're acting wisely?

MATEY: Wisdom has nothing to do with love, my dear.

NANCY: Matey—if this is failure, it's a kind I've never seen before.

Matey holds her to him staring fixedly into space over her shoulder. The orchestra at the Duane's is heard playing a waltz.

MATEY: Well—if we're going to the dance, I'd better get into costume. What hideous disguise have you got for me?


NANCY: The usual—a matador.

MATEY: No!—Tonight I shall be something different. (*He picks up his smock*) I am going, my love, as an artist.

CURTAIN



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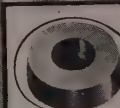
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(Concluded from page 34)



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# Goodrich

## SILVERTOWN CORD

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I had seen this year. She did not star-strut once, and nobody in the cast seemed to be afraid to act along with her. In the scenes after she had been released from prison, where she had been sent on false evidence, and had established herself rather questionably in a New York apartment on a lavish scale, she sensibly refrained from dragging out a Hollywood wardrobe and parading. When she began her system of making her old accuser pay, pay, pay, she was as convincing and as sympathetic a figure as I could stand without giving way to a tear, a thing I hope I shall never do again. The last time I broke down and wept while watching a motion picture was in this same theatre, the Strand, when Jackie Coogan's *Oliver Twist* was being shown. And I have not heard the last of it at home even yet.

Now, there is in this case (*Within the Law*) a reason for the remarkable rise in the quality of Miss Talmadge's work. Although what it is I do not presume to know. It seems foolish to attempt to analyze varying excellence in screen acting. Off hand, I should say that the part—that of an abused, strong-hearted girl who took her medicine, but determined to avenge the wrong—was ideally suitable for the star. Perhaps, also, the fact that the pictures which moved across the silver screen meant something had a great deal to do with it. At any rate, whether Miss Talmadge cares or not, she has made a hit with one reviewer who couldn't see her before.

I sometimes fear this kind of reaction. If things keep on, it may not be long before I shall have no one to criticize. Even Guy Bates Post may come out in a cinema that will get me!

### A SEA OF DREAMS

WARREN A. NEWCOMBE is a young artist who has joined the ranks of the cinema uplifters. His particular *flair* is that of cutting out miniature figures in cardboard, painting them and pulling them around before a specially designed cinema camera, the idea being to create an illusion which will cause the spectator to wonder whether he is seeing real persons or merely scissor-made robots. One of Mr. Newcombe's best tricks is to try to superimpose human figures over painted backgrounds, allowing the person to come to life out of a painting. For the principal part in his short subject he chose Hazel Lindsley, who did well enough.

There is much to be said for the possibilities of such a method of film production. For example, the use of specially designed expressionistic backgrounds might be employed for the purpose of doing away with large casts. Moreover, I can imagine vivid atmosphere being created by the painted and finger-operated sets and figures.

Mr. Newcombe has done remarkably

well in his own particular side of the matter—that of designing the figures and objects. But when it came to putting them before the camera and making them seem either fantastic or real he has not been quite so successful. His figures are at no time under complete control. The film, too, is at the added disadvantage of having little or no story to tell.

### THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS

THAT remarkable concession, the Witching Waves, at Coney Island, where you board a crazy-running car that glides this way and that over rising and falling sheet iron, has attracted me two summers in succession now, so I qualify as no mean journeyer over the seas. That is why I can safely say this new film version of the old story by Crittenden Marriott contains views which are as thrilling as anything of their kind ever pictured. Mr. Tourneur has, it seems to me, allowed artistic photography to run a close second in this case, and has concentrated upon an ocean storm effect. It is magnificent. It is frightful. It is real and shivering. This fore part of *The Isle of Lost Ships* is as fine a piece of cinematic realism as ever has been brought to us from any quarter. If I make up a list of worth-while things seen in the darker places at the end of this year, this piece of Tourneur's will come in along toward the top of the list.

A beautiful American girl is starting back home from Central America somewhere, and on the same ship she finds a handsome, if somewhat untidy and be-whiskered American fugitive from justice. Also, she had been told that somewhere in the general vicinity of the ship's course there lay a spot called by old seamen the isle of lost ships. Wrecks are quite in fashion there, and many horrible deaths have been met by passengers of craft so unfortunate as to meet with hard winds and seas that carried them to the isle.

There is your plot. Storm. Disabled steamship. Isle of lost ships in everybody's mind. Disabled ship finally crashes into isle of lost ships.

Go and see it, I warn you. As a seasoned Coney sea-farer, I promise you one thrill such as you have not had in a picture palace before. It will not make any difference even if your particular theatre's orchestra consists of the regulation tin-can piano and a fiddle, nothing will keep you from gasping.

With these few observations, I close, trusting I have made myself clear. If I have not, write in and tell me so. If there is anything that makes a reviewer's life bearable, it is to realize that what he thinks doesn't jibe with what everybody else thinks. The fun lies in reading what the other fellow thinks, and why he thinks it.





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## PLAYS MODERN AND NEAR-MODERN

(Concluded from page 9)

for from a Harvard student. It is clean, wholesome, finical, and a bit self-conscious. Despite the praise awarded to its author, by Prof. Baker, I am far from sure of Philip Barry's future. He has told an obvious story rather deftly. But he has given no hint as yet of special promise. His dialogue is more English than American. The slang used by his characters is English slang. If we grant his premises, we can accept Mr. Barry's plot, which is worked out in three not very striking acts. We may feel sympathy with his central character, a worthy gentleman who, when well on in years, drops business and reverts to his first passion—art, only to learn that those who hope to shine as artists, must not flout their muse to woo her lower rivals.

### AN AMERICAN ALBERY

THE late Clyde Fitch might have made much of such a theme. And Arthur Richman, who can hold his own with any living writer of light comedy, might have supplied the warmth and vigor that seem wanting in *You and I*. I have sworn by Mr. Richman since I saw his charming *It Was Not So Long Ago*. Mr. Richman then impressed me by his distinction (a rare quality at all times on our stage), his constructive talent, and his ability to write natural, graceful dialogue. He seemed to me a very fair equivalent of Tom Robertson and James Albery, plus something which was thoroughly American. In his *Ambush*, which I did not like so well as the first play which won him fame; he deals frankly and, I admit, effectively with a problem of immediate importance; the lust of our spoilt post-war girls for clothes and pleasure. This lust, in many homes, leads to disaster. It does this in the case of Margaret Nichols, a shameless girl who, to adorn herself, has sold her body to at least three men. Her mother, who has neither heart nor morals, winks at her sins. Her honest father is the victim of his women. At last, in sheer despair, his virtue weakens and, at the end, he seems resigned—or acquiescent. In plays which held the boards in earlier days, the father would have shown more strength of mind. But Mr. Richman may have fairly hit the mark when he wound up his *Ambush* with that father's breakdown.

If I could venture on advice, without offence, I might counsel Mr. Barry to dig carefully into Mr. Richman's plays, and I might suggest that, before writing other dramas, Mr. Rice and

Mr. Lawson should study one Eugene O'Neill.

For Eugene O'Neill has set his stamp on our drama. He has done more within the past five years to make it known, to lend it dignity and importance, than any one, and all, of his competitors. His *Hairy Ape* has earned the enviable compliment of being accepted by the exacting Paris Odéon.

His *Anna Christie* has won praise in London. His earlier works, chiefly in one act, have been applauded both in the American "little theatres" and in the pretentious Broadway playhouses. The first play to force attention to his genius—it is genius—was a gruesome one-act drama known as *Ile*. It had the grimness and the strength of Conrad's sea-tales, the directness and the truth of Masefield's novels. But it was not in any sense an imitation. It was the creation of a great and searching mind. It harrowed up one's soul by its intensity. It was honest as the day, a gripping play, as nearly flawless in its craftsmanship and form as any drama of our time I can recall.

### A MODEL OF TECHNIQUE

ALTHOUGH so brief—it was at most an appalling episode—it moved one much more than many lengthy tragedies. The plot was packed with intimate shocks and thrills. And it was human to a fault, sincere, well-planned. Some say O'Neill has no technique. If *Ile* was not a model of technique, what play could be? It had a beginning and a climax and a right ending. No words were wasted in unfolding the story of the wife whose brain is wrecked, after long months of seafaring, by the white horror and the loneliness of the sad northern wastes. Each gesture of the actors was thought out. Nothing at all in *Ile* could have been spared. Nothing was futile. Sneer if you will—it was "a well-made play," as faultless in construction as the best, as ably wrought as that of the most skillful playwright.

*The Emperor Jones*, of course, had power and daring. But it just failed, I think, in its appeal. It was encumbered with at least one needless scene. It went astray in the last scene of all, because, instead of dying, as he should have died, of sheer, stark fear, Jones perished by a bullet, a real bullet. As to this point some may not share my views. But I feel sure, and I shall stick to it, that the dénouement would have stirred us vastly more if Jones had died a prey to naked terror.

### NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Mme. Homer chooses for her latest record an Irish melody, *The Lane to Ballybree*—modern, but characteristically Celtic. There is a note of sadness in it, and those who have heard Homer will understand the rich and austere manner of its singing.

As a companion record of that land

which Kipling said, "in her time has had so many lovers," Gigli sings in May the *Oh Paradiso* (O Paradise), from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. It is of Vasco di Gama, who, a prisoner in India, condemned to die, sings of the beauty of nature. Gigli sings it superbly.



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## HINTS FOR THE SUMMER VACATIONIST

(Concluded from page 52)

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A smart semi-soft Van Heusen collar that is designed to keep its shape and with the idea of comfort for the wearer.

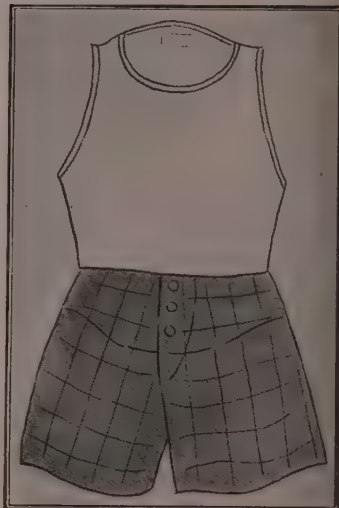
**I**F your destination is the beaches, there is nothing smarter for bathing than the new wide striped bathing shirt. The combinations of colors are blue and white, orange and black, black and french blue, and dark blue and red. Either the dark blue or white flannel trunks look well with these jerseys and can be purchased separately. An innovation in beach robes that has been recently noted in one of our smartest shops is the Polo robe. The design is copied from the Polo coat and is made of turkish toweling. The coat is well tailored, having double seams throughout, patch-pockets and set off by six pearl buttons.

Since the invasion of the English Golf Team last summer it has been observed that the extra full knickerbockers known as the "Plus-fours" are in popular favor among the men who are "in the know." They may be had ready to wear in buff flannel, grey flannel, white homespun and white linen. These light shaded knickerbockers look exceptionally well when worn with a plain white oxford shirt and the new striped English sport belt.

For the week-end out of town there

is a new kit bag of unusual attractiveness, combined with that facility of being roomy enough to carry all the needed changes of clothing without crowding. The bag will carry comfortably a sport suit, dinner jacket, and changes of linen. It is made of patent leather trimmed with tan, with a strap running completely around that tends to keep the bag in shape when packed. Canvas coverings for all types of luggage are now the smart thing among the worldly traveller and the newest touch is to have the covering striped in three or four wide bands, painted in your favorite color.

It seems as if there has always been a long felt want for the new two-piece underwear. This suit is designed to fit properly, having a short cut trunk that gives that athletic appearance most men desire. The shirt is white lisle and the trunks are light weight madras made up in check designs of light shades of blue and green and in plain colors of blue and tan.



Athletic underwear with a touch of color. Shirt made of white lisle, trunks of lightweight madras with a fine check in light shade of blue and green, also plain blue and tan. Shirt, \$1.50; trunks, \$1.75.

A new scarf known as the French Prints is exceedingly popular this season and has been noticed on several occasions being worn by well turned out men at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club. These scarfs are designed in the most fascinating combinations of shades, and another feature is that they may be washed.

Quiller will answer any questions pertaining to current dress or will gladly give you the manufacturer's name or the dealer from whom the merchandise mentioned in the article can be purchased. If you wish, he will purchase it for you without charge. Simply draw your check to the order of Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.





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## GOING TO THE THEATRE WITH BELASCO

(Concluded from page 10)

At the Empire the lobby was crowded with people, among whom were many friends of Mr. Belasco. His progress from the front door into the orchestra was slow, indeed, for all along the way he was kept busy shaking hands, and there was so much of this that the whole thing seemed like a reception. I have seen kings in Europe enter the theatre, but, frequently, with much less recognition than that accorded the gentle Dave.

Soon after we had taken our seats, the house lights were dimmed, the foots flashed up, and the play was on. During the prelude Belasco sat motionless, as if lost in thought. As the curtain fell, he turned to me and addressed me as "Charlie"; but quickly catching himself, he remarked: "I beg your pardon. Later, I'll explain why I inadvertently called you by that name."

During the first act he kept glancing over the audience, observing its mood and studying its reaction to certain situations. It is in this way that he is continually augmenting his knowledge of the psychology of audiences.

Between acts he talked about many things. He touched upon European drama, world politics, philosophy and a host of other subjects that one would never dream were of interest to him. At first he avoided allusions to his own work, but finally I got him to talking about how he had achieved this and that effect in *The Comedian*.

During the intermission between the second and third acts I asked him whether he preferred to be classed as a producer, or a manager.

"By no means as a manager," he replied. "In my mind that word carries with it too much of the commercial and not enough, if any, of the artistic. Whatever I do, I try to do artistically."

### STAGE IMPRESSIONISM

ON the way back to his own theatre he talked about impressionism in the modern drama.

"In every way I try to keep up to date, but this thing that they call 'impressionism' is too modern for me. I believe in presenting life as it is with just a touch of the ideal, and most certainly not as it never was or never can be. See those green lights ahead around that sign?" he said, pointing to an illuminated advertisement in front of us. "Well, in one recent so-called 'impressionistic' production, that

was the color of the sky, which was supposed to be a normal sky. I don't know what mood the artist wished to create by such a sky. Surely there is no better creator of moods than Nature herself. Of course, there are always those who think that they can improve the handiwork of the Almighty. I am not in that class."

Returning, Mr. Belasco had Curry buy another box of candy. This was for Lenore Ulric. Soon after we had seated ourselves down in the Green-room, she entered. Like a father, Belasco took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Lenore," he said, "this is the last week that you play *Kiki* in New York. I know you are sorry to leave the little girl of such varying temper for awhile, but you need a rest. The part has been a very, trying one to play, and you have done it perfectly; so you well deserve a good vacation."

### THE BELASCO MASCOT

CAMILLE, the black cat, who had been looking after her latest brood, now ambled into the room. She made a bee-line for Mr. Belasco and began climbing his right leg. As age has not dulled her claws, he found it expedient to help her to his shoulder where she loves to perch. In her accustomed position, she purred incessantly while he gently rubbed her old black head. Then, turning to me, he remarked:

"I must now explain why I called you Charlie earlier in the evening. You see, years ago, Charlie Frohman and I used to sit in those very same seats in the Empire and watch those plays to which we were so closely and mutually related. To-night as I turned to you, I glimpsed in the dim light your forehead with that lock of hair dropping over it, and for the moment Charlie was again at my side. Poor fellow! How I regret the misunderstanding that kept us apart for awhile; but, as you know, in the end we were even stauncher friends than in the beginning. Charlie Frohman was one of the best friends I've ever had."

But Mr. Belasco's limousine had arrived, and our little party broke up. As we stepped into the hallway, Sam Hardy came down stairs.

"Come on, Sam," called Mr. Belasco. "I'm going to see Lenore and you and all the rest of the party home in my machine tonight." And forthwith we all piled into the automobile, to be trundled to our homes by the Presiding Genius of the American Stage.

### NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Michael Bohnen attained his first American triumph in the Schillings' opera, *Mona Lisa*. His vibrant, mellow tones; his incomparable vocal art; his preeminence as an actor carried him to success overnight. During the succeeding months he has been an outstanding Metropolitan figure. The glorious tones which are Bohnen's

have been reproduced by Brunswick with a fidelity which enables also the engraving of his forceful personality on each disc. In the emotional *Two Grenadiers*, and in the lovely *Blick'ich Umher*, from *Thannhauser*, Bohnen has left the impress of his voice and art in a manner unforgettable.



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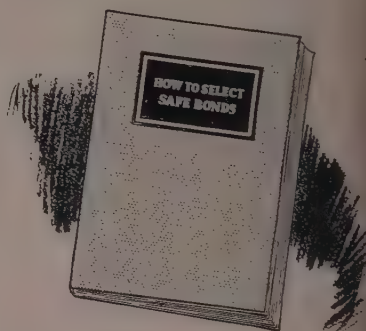
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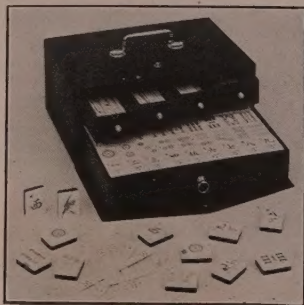
Pung Chow, the ancient and fascinating Chinese game, has in a surprisingly brief time established itself as the most popular form of indoor amusement in America,—for that matter, in the Western Hemisphere. Sophisticated indoor sportsmen nowadays no longer ask the question, "Is the game interesting enough to displace auction bridge?" The latest recurrent query that crops up about the ever-increasing popularity of Pung-Chow is, "How long will it remain popular?—Is it not, after all, a mere novelty?" That it is more than just a fad is proven conclusively by the fact that the game has captivated the fancy of the Westerners ever since the summer of 1918. There is yet no sign of abatement. The game has also been played for hundreds of years in China and still endures. The popularity of the game is daily gathering in momentum and scope in almost every city in the United States. Wherever the game is played, in the department stores, in the homes, and on the card tables of our most popular clubs, invariably enthusiastic beginners will say, "It is a very fascinating game." Time and again even cynics and devotees of auction bridge and chess players have to confess candidly that in this ancient but inexhaustible tourney of skill and chance are combined in the most intriguing form the precise elements which have given auction bridge, chess, and poker their enduring popularity.

Confucius was asked by his disciples to put into one sentence if possible the philosophy of life and progress. He replied that it was all contained in one word—Reciprocity. The natural fascination of Pung Chow can also be put into one word, and that word is Variety. In this highly sophisticated and neurathenic age, men and women in the realm of work and play crave for something that can hold their interest and cause them to forget their nervous irritations and business cares. What is more, science has so widened our mental horizon in time and space and so sharpened our imagination that nothing can sustain our interest for long unless that very thing can give a broad sweep of things. In other words, the Einstein theory has increased our vision from a three to a four dimensional viewpoint.

Unquestionably, Pung Chow has sufficient merits in itself to fill the need of a four dimensional pastime. And its variety of interest lies in the many possibilities of strategy and diplomatic manoeuvring during the play of each hand. In addition, there are the infinite scoring combinations and variations that rise like the proverbial hydra-headed monster. No sooner has one crisis passed off than another confronts the contestants in the game. Little wonder, indeed, the Chinese devotees often characterize the game with one of their many succinct and brilliant proverbs, "Many things fail on the verge of success." That is where the secret-spring of the fascination of the game lies. There are so many prizes that the contestants in the game can strive for. Here are a few of them: You can go "Catching the Moon from the Bottom of the Sea," "Plum Blossom on the Peak," "Four by Four Peace," "All Symbols," "All Ones and Nines," Group by Group Peace," "Large Three Honors," "Large Four Lucks," "Calling Nine Cards," the "Thirteen Odds," and many other exotic and typically Chinese combinations of the titles used in the game.

The game of Pung Chow is also known as "Ma Cheuk" in the Cantonese dialect and Mah Jong in the Northern dialect or, in English, "Sparrow." Although the game was permitted to the lower classes only since 1852, it has been known in China for hundreds of years. Pung Chow has been so popular with the Chinese that it has completely supplanted Chinese Chess which has been played for thousands of years, is covered by many text-books and is spoken by Confucius and the scholar Mencius, the St. Paul of China, in the classics. In spite of this, Pung Chow has taken the pre-eminent place in the heart of the Chinese people from the aristocrats down to the toiling masses. Even the most conservative Chinese scholars have to admit that the game surpasses the much-revered chess in thrill and pleasure.

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# The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHAT is it that women care about most next to their complexions?" said a nice young man to me recently. We thought there was a catch to the question somewhere. But no, he was simply asking for his own information. We told him we should have thought even to a man that would be obvious. Next to their complexions, said we, women care most about their figures, of course. We're right, aren't we? You agree? A propos—

We were "sitting in" last week on a dress rehearsal of one of the new plays which you will shortly see. The good-looking *jeune premier* came down into the orchestra to join us after the second act, and wanted to know "what we thought of it." We thought well of it, we responded. But did we like the "support's" second act frock? Personally he thought it was sad. Why did a woman, just to be in fashion, wear one of these new type frocks that demanded an absolutely straight line back when she happened to be bumpy and humpy in profile around the hips. He'd noticed it a lot lately too, in going about. Women, should know better. Sometimes he almost began to believe they weren't intelligent. We countered with the well-known "God made 'em to match the men," but the *jeune premier* wasn't listening. He was intent upon threshing out his subject. He seemed to have a special interest in the very pretty and clever young creature who was a newcomer to Broadway, and who he felt was to be handicapped in her introduction by the sartorial error of her second frock.

"Can't she do something about it?" he questioned plaintively. "I suppose she has to wear it . . ." You know just as well as we do that she has to, we said, since the management furnished the frock. But couldn't she wear some kind of a corset to hold her in round the hips, he went on . . . Yes, we supposed she could, only many actresses didn't like to wear corsets: they thought they hampered the freedom and grace of their movements. Then she should exercise or diet, he still pursued . . . Or how about one of these fat reducing creams one hears so much of now-a-days . . .

"Third act!" broke in the director before we could answer him and our J. P. was obliged to go behind the scenes. But that was not the end of the subject by any means, it appeared. Something had been started that our playwright escort in the next seat intended to see finished. American men are really taking an extraordinary interest in these things lately, aren't they, especially the more charming ones . . .

"Yes," said our cavalier, "While we're on the subject, *what* about these fat reducing creams. They ought to be a God-send to women if they're the real thing, because they can go after definite spots. Which is what the majority of women actually need rather than general reduction. They may be all right as to the rest of their figure, for instance, and then they will have fat shoulders, or fat hips, or a double chin, or fat ankles. My word! How many fat ankles I have seen lately . . ."

The gentleman was quite right. And as a matter of fact there had just been called to our attention a splendid reducing cream, to which this little preambulatory story has been leading up, and which we think ought to be broadcasted. It is a cream whose formula was originally obtained from England: and has these "plus" merits. It is absolutely harmless. It is greaseless and contains nothing that can irritate the skin, as so many of the fat reducing creams do. There is no dieting or exercise necessary in connection with it, and no massage. It is reasonably priced, only \$2 a jar. Greatest merit of all, the great merit that reducing cream has, it can be applied exactly where it is most needed, bust, shoulders, back, hips, ankles, without interfering with the rest of the figure. Why need anyone therefore, be ungainly fat. Long life to slenderness! Allure for everybody!

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## CAN THE NEGRO SERVE THE DRAMA?

(Concluded from page 12)

that the great gift of the Negro to the world is going to be a gift to Art. This is quite contrary to popular opinion, to whom the Negro means labor, sweat of brow, the bent back and bloated eye, the beast and burden-bearer. But, on the other hand, the thinker and the artist know Negro music, know the color and passion of the black man's soul, and believe that out of this already has come a great contribution to drama and more is possible in the future.

### A CREDITABLE RECORD

HOW is this to be developed? Already there is a long history of partial failures and partial successes. Ira Aldridge, one of the greatest of actors was a black man, but he found no chance in America where, at the time of his birth, most persons of Negro blood were still slaves. After the Civil War, came comedy: black-faced minstrels done by white men and Negroes, and the development of musical shows. Then came the dead line. Americans expected Negroes on the stage to make them laugh, but they expected nothing else and allowed no effort for a long time toward serious drama. Just before the World War, came Mrs. Emily Hapgood's Negro Players to the edge of Broadway. They did a new folk drama and were represented by several plays written by Ridgely Torrence. They were good plays and there was good acting and much appreciation by the better critics; but the movement, perhaps because of the war, gained but passing attention.

This was preceded and followed by attempts at pageantry—*The Star of Ethiopia*, with a thousand actors, was given for Negroes by Negroes in three great cities to audiences aggregating tens of thousands—but the white American world hardly heard of it despite the marvelous color and drama. A Little Theatre movement followed, starting in Howard University at Washington; and simultaneously with this came Gilpin's triumph in *The Emperor Jones*. All this was a disconnected, uneven, but a fairly continuous development.

### WHAT CAN THE NEGRO DO?

SOME day the American Negro is going to take his place in the drama. What can he do and what ought he try to do? To go back to things touched on at the beginning of this article, we may think of the Negro actor in three rôles: one, simply as an actor, as one who gives to the world an interpretation of the same great plays which white actors have portrayed. Despite singular prejudice on the part of some people, this is a practical and legitimate rôle for black men and women, and there is no reason to suppose that they cannot succeed in such rôles. Certainly the modern theatre has reached no such heights of perfection as to preclude

an Aldridge as Othello, or a Kirkpatrick as Herod, or a Preer as Salome. The interpretations which such actors would bring might and might not be vastly different than those of white actors; but there is no reason in the world why they should not make the serious attempt—and in some rôles they might easily excel. Theodore Dreiser wrote to Mr. Kirkpatrick: "I have seen many presentations of *Salome* in New York and elsewhere, none that I feel to be the peer of this. My first and second and remaining impression was and is that it was flawless—a very, very great deal to say. I was especially impressed with your own high artistic fervor and understanding."

Secondly, the Negro may, of course, do in his own theatre a great work in passing on the message of the drama to the masses of his own folk and developing among twelve millions of people new audiences, re-inforcing with new and sympathetic taste the pitifully small audiences which real dramatic art has even in white America.

### A RICH FIELD TO EXPLOIT

FINALLY, Negroes as actors and as dramatic writers have a wonderfully rich field to exploit in their own terrible history of experience. The sombre pen of some black Ibsen, the religious fervor of some Negro Tolstoi, or the light sarcasm of a black Molière have here a marvelous chance to develop. Such a development will, of course, come slowly; it will come only as the black world gains something of that leisure and detachment for artistic work which every artist must have and for which black men in America are today too poor, too bitter, too distracted by the grimness of mere living.

For these reasons, Raymond O'Neil and his colored players and splendid pioneers, and the artistic finish of their work, does them great credit. Their repertoire includes, beside the plays mentioned, Molière's *Follies of Scapin*, *Georges*, an expressionist play, *Everyman*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and several folk plays like *The Chip-Woman's Fortune*. In every case, excepting *Salome*, an attempt has been made to make the version humanly and modern, close to the lives of the people.

The Ethiopian Art Theatre has not yet been a financial success and had a run of only two weeks on Broadway, but it has had all the beginnings of success. It has engaged the enthusiasm and devotion of talented actors and it has begun to peel from the eyes of dramatic critics the scales that blinded them for years to the beauty of Negro folk songs, that makes them still deaf to the song of Negro singers and but half alive to the growing Negro drama and the rising Negro actor.

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